TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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From New York to Gibraltar.

No. 1.

THE purpose of this letter is the same as that of the friend who writes home to his chum and tries to convey an idea of a little trip. When New Year comes the migratory instinct invariably possesses me and I flit for a warmer clime. There is something bird-like in the above idea, but I can assure you there is no "birdie business" in the movements of a two hundred pound man with a lame leg, and much as I like to travel I hate to start. Starting means the selecting of a place to go to and the how and how much. An old salt once remarked that anyone who would go to sea in winter for pleasure would go to Hades for diversion, and with one exception, I have tried to keep off the water except in summer. The fact that the North German Lloyd Steamship Co., famous the world over for the magnificence and safety of their ships and the completeness of their service, had established a fast line from New York to Gibraltar and Genoa, tempted me into another trial of the truth of the old salt's saying. On January 2nd the streets of New York were swept by a baby cyclone of wind and rain, and that little tempest sailed out from Sandy Hook with us, and for seven days and nights continued to make things rocky for the good ship Fulda, Capt. Thalenhorst, a crew of one hundred and twenty men, one hundred and sixty-seven cabin passengers and—what concerned me most of all—for myself. I have never been sea-sick but it came mighty near getting me this time. I got so far that I preferred being sick and put my finger down my throat with the idea of throwing up something, but it wouldn't come. This only lasted a few minutes and I got better. About one hundred and fifty of the cabin passengers had much worse luck and gastric exhibits were to be seen in profusion before we were two hours at sea. At breakfast next morning the chairs in the huge and magnificently decorated dining *salon* were mostly empty. As I said before, for seven days after they said "good bye" to their friends on the pier at Hoboken, the sea-sick ones kept on saying good bye to everything they had eaten which could be recalled, and a sad and sorry lot they were. The long, wide decks, covered with canvas and sheltered from the wind, were a regular hospital. Interminable rows of steamer chairs were filled with sick ones and fortunate were they that the weather was so delightfully mild that they could stay on deck. One of the ocean racers came into port just before we came out, encrusted with ice and storm-battered as the Fulda has not been, so we have had every reason to be thankful that we were not in a storm on the Northern Atlantic. There has not been a day when I needed an overcoat while on deck, and in spite of rain and wind I have enjoyed the voyage immensely. The cabins are large, airy and warm, the smoking rooms better than any others I know of, and the *cuisine* excellent. An orchestra furnishes music while we dine, an operation which takes a couple of hours, and altogether I am glad I came this way. How could anyone reach Italy or Southern France more easily or at less expense? It only costs from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars from New York to Genoa, and this is the first stormy voyage they have had this winter and during it there never was the slightest danger, only the unpleasant results of a rough sea.

Yesterday, Sunday, January 10, we had a glorious day, sunny and warm. Everybody was on deck and happy; to-day is pleasant and to-night we reach Gibraltar a day late, but safe and sound. Had such weather prevailed all through the trip it would have been a veritable winter picnic on summer seas.

On Friday we reached the Azores and passed through the straits separating the islands of Fayal and Pico on one side and beautiful St. George on the other. Of course I always believed there was a group of islands known as the Azores, but their existence and size were represented in my mind by six or eight little specks which dotted the west end of the map of Spain and Portugal in the geography of my childhood. I think we believe in a number of great things in the same small way. The words intended to convey to our minds great truths and grand ideas, succeed in nothing but convincing us that there is something there without imparting a realizing sense of size, beauty or importance. The words are like the dots in the geography representing islands; dots and marks they remain till disturbance leads us to hear more about them or chance opens them up to view. In reality the Azores are large islands, mountainous and picturesque. Though rocky they are fruitful and the climate is salubrious, consumptives especially finding it beneficial. Each island, as we approached, seemed guarded by high, lonely rocks, separated from the shore and standing sentry-like in the ocean. These rocks take on many fantastic shapes as we pass, and behind one group of them is a little city, and the only ship I have seen since leaving New York is entering the harbor. Villages of white houses crowd the narrow beaches of the infrequent inlets and stretch up the little valleys until they touch the vineyards which clothe the terraces of the steep mountain sides. Except these few inlets on which the villages are situated the shores of the three islands we saw are precipitous and rugged. There are half a dozen other islands, one larger and some smaller, but a good idea can be had of the three by the fact that it took us four hours at six-teen miles an hour to go through the straits. It was a beautiful sight and there is nothing I recall in my little voyages more beautiful than these shores, except the sunlit hills and downs on the dear old coast of Devon.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

We have a small library on board, but for useful information and purposes of reference it is not nearly so extensive or handy as German Consul General Von Hesse Wartegg, the great traveler and writer, who has seen nearly all the earth without forgetting the slightest detail of what he has seen. Mr. Wartegg says the Azores belong to Portugal, contain one hundred and forty thousand people, who raise olives and grapes, etc., make the celebrated Malaga wine and export gold fish, which are found in great abundance in the mountain lakes. Every once in a while they are obliged to export some of themselves, as the population grows faster than means of supporting it. When the islands become too crowded a steamer calls and takes a shipload of the excess to Brazil. The people are very old-fashioned and conservative in their habits, which is not strange, as they are out of the track of commerce, have few ports into which a ship may go and are in fact isolated from the world. This very isolation, however, brought them one family who still reside in Fayal. As we were passing the island the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, Anglican Bishop of New York—who, by the way, in appearance and carriage is a clerical edition of Hon. John Beverley Robinson—mentioned to me that it was the home, or at least had been, of the widow and family of Dr. Webster, who murdered Prof. Parkman of Harvard College. Confessing that I could not recall the incident, he looked at me a moment as if guessing my age and supposed maybe it was before my time—"about forty years ago." I blushed for the gray hairs of my youth and admitted that I could not remember that far back.

"It was a dreadful affair," continued he reminiscently. "Dr. Webster and Parkman were both professors in Harvard, and the latter had loaned Webster some money which he had not repaid. One day Parkman entered Webster's laboratory and dunned him. Webster in a rage struck Parkman and killed him. Face to face with the terrible result of his passion, he tried to cover up his crime by cutting up the body and burning some portions of it, while throwing other sections into a vault. I don't remember all the details, but it seems to me some portions froze in the vault and were not carried away by the tide, and a set of false teeth were discovered in the ashes of a retort and identified by the dentist who made them as the ones he had fitted into Prof. Parkman's mouth. Dr. Webster afterwards confessed and was hanged, his widow coming with her family to this lonely island to escape the odious notoriety caused by her husband's crime. It was a dreadful affair," concluded the worthy bishop with a sigh, "and that I recall it now with all the beauty of these is'ands and the sea before me is but another example of how much more interested we are in persons than in places or principles." The bishop is right, and I have taken the hint and shall try to be gossipy instead of statistical.

I recalled the fact that just about two years ago in passing the mountainous shores of Northern Cuba I had seen the hut in which Boss Tweed had hidden himself after his flight from New York, and half a dozen others growing reminiscent added much to the general stock of criminal lore and the history of fugitives. Herr Von Wartegg told us that Pico, the mountain from which one of the islands takes its name, was between six and seven thousand feet high and that the Gulf Stream splits upon the islands, a portion of it going north and the other half east. To me the Gulf Stream is every day getting to be a bigger mystery. I used to think it was only fifty or a hundred miles wide, but gradually it has expanded until now it takes in the whole of the Atlantic and I shall not be surprised to hear of its appearance in Toronto or elsewhere. It is a most indefinite sort of a critter.

As we passed the islands and the vineyards rising a couple of thousand feet and disappearing in the warm mists, I heard some of the young folks—there are many of them aboard, gay and rich—asking one another how he or she would like to try "love in a cottage" in one of the little white houses which peeped out of the vineyards, high, high up and apparently inaccessible. "I'm not in it for one," chirped a coquettish little blonde. "I'd like to see myself!" exclaimed another in that large tone indicative of the conviction that she was born to preside over a palace. "I might stand it for a day and a hawf," drawled a young man, and I thought, as I sized him up, that if the other "hawf" of a love-in-a cottage partnership could stand it that long she would have to be mightily in love. A pretty Jewess, soft-eyed and gentle, yet with the patient tenacity of her persecuted race, stood with her sister just in front of me, and she whispered to her sister: "I think it would be lovely, with someone that one liked awfully much you know, don't you?" The other girl, fat, sensuous and aggressive, turned and looked at her queerly, as if she knew who was meant by the "one that one liked awfully well you know," and replied: "No; New York is good enough for me!"

Two sailors standing together gave me a pretty snap-shot as they gazed at the land, thinking no doubt of the North German home which they shall not see again until the Fulda is put back on her old track for the summer season. A woman sat on the upper step of the forward gangway leading down to the lower deck, and with her elbow on her knee and her chin resting on her hand gazed shoreward with such an air of inexpressible sadness and desolation that I could not help noticing her. Perhaps thirty-eight or forty years old, her hair was gray, her eyes faded as if joy and color had both been washed out by torrents of tears which must have flowed for many years before they made those deep furrows in the bloodless cheeks. The lips were set and unsmiling, and even when her son came and sat beside her and began to sketch the steerage passengers below, she neither by word nor sign acknowledged his presence. He asked her to hold his colors, and she took them without looking at him or changing for an instant her unseeing gaze or hopeless attitude. He was surely her son, for his youth wore not only the likeness of her features but the imprint of her sorrow. His set features would have been handsome if the hard look had been absent or if his eyes had not been so sullen. The fact that their trouble was none of my business perhaps added to the interest with which I studied their case and tried to make up my mind whether she had been unreasonable, exacting and unbeautiful in showing her love for a husband who had perhaps deserted her or maybe is dead, who knows? Or were all these marks of suffering, effacing what once had been unusual beauty, the result of man's inhumanity to the woman who loves him? The islands are past, night is settling over the turbulent sea, the wind whistles weirdly through the rigging, the young man has finished his sketch, taken the color-box from his mother's hand and gone to his cabin, but still she sits there, her pretty shoes moist with spray and her mantle glittering with shining drops, motionless, joyless, gazing into the unforgotten, the miserable past! The sunny skies of the land to which she is going will have no reflection in a heart darkened by sorrow, for as the author of "Prue and I" says, there is no use going to strange lands in search of sunlight and beauty unless we take some of it with us in our hearts, and if we have it there we can find the most glorious sunshine and beauty right at home.

At the head of our table and the left of the captain there sits a young woman, and though she is not pretty and before I knew her name was Drexel and her fortune great, I found great pleasure in watching her. She is one of the most natural of girls, and if Vassar turns out many such graduates, Vassar is either a good institution or has excellent material. Some of the women, and men too, try to dress up and show their fine clothes, which effort I esteem out of place on shipboard. She has not yet made us aware that she has two gowns to her name or any head gear but the blue sailor cap which she has worn on deck and at table since the voyage began. She talks and laughs almost without ceasing, is the friend of the children, wraps the rugs about the sea-sick governesses, and is the jolliest girl on the ship. Yet none of the young sports have had nerve enough to approach her, the dudes are afraid of her, the women wonder why everybody likes her and even the old men are kept at a distance. Her hair is scant and straight as grass, her bangs short and always out of curl, her eyes, deep and sincere, have the odd effect of always appearing to be slightly strabismic as she looks at you in passing. She has dimples, a rather heavy chin and curling under lip and not very white teeth, yet she is the most popular woman on the ship. Her masculine acquaintances consist of the bishop, the captain and a red-headed curate who with his wife and baby hails from her city, Pennsylvania. She is evidently a girl who may with safety travel alone from here to China and have a good time of it all the way. I think her charm is in her naturalness and that every inch of her is good, healthy, self-possessed; a woman without a particle of flirt or coquette mixed in.

A man and his wife and a friend from the same western town sit opposite me at table. They present three very distinct types and afford me some amusement and occasionally some worry. They are good straight people of large means, and in its way considerable experience. The husband has been a politician, can talk of books and carries with him the air of an honest, capable man of business, in whom every acquaintance has confidence. It might be added that no one can have greater confidence in him than he has in himself. His wife has been in Europe twice, educating her children, and knows more of the Old World and its ways than he does, but he is unaware of the fact and makes the flesh of all his neighbors at table creep by roughly ordering his wife to eat this and leave that, as if she were an unruly child instead of a quiet and well-mannered woman of fifty or fifty-five. He won't let her talk, and says: "Now, I've warned you, do just as you like—if you haven't any sense." She smiles somewhat awkwardly and blushes for him, but he is unconscious of having sinned. He has read all about Europe and corrects those who have been there with great alacrity. His wife and friend wish to change the plan he made before starting, but he says he knows what he started out to do and proposes to do it, happen what may. He feels sorry that his friend has no taste in wines and lectures him as learnedly as if they did not, when at home, drink out of the same bottle at the village bar,

A LAST LOOK AT LAND.

IN THE RIGGING.

IN THE STEERAGE.

and altogether is just the sort of a man I should not like to travel with. He has had a row with the steward and suspects the ship's crew of being leagued together to rob him. His friend on the other hand is a frugal but pleasant fellow, takes everything good naturedly, talks louder than he needs to and has much to say with regard to his appetite, the big meals he eats and the "distress" they afterwards cause him. Both of them patronize their lady without intending to do so, and they shock her without a sign of reproof being offerd. Poor little woman; plenty of your sex have the same experience.

There are many well known names on the passenger list. Mrs. P. T. Barnum and two grown-up grandchildren sit at a table on the other side of the grand *salon*, together with a hilarious Mr. Hoey, son of the now famous ex-president of Adams' Express Company, who just settled his "trouble" by disgorging over half a million dollars. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, jr., another whose family is in deep trouble, is also on board. H. J. Chisholm, a Canadian who has made a million dollars in Maine, sits next to me and two of the historic Bancrofts of Boston on the other side. The Colgate family, they of soap and perfumes, have a table by themselves; there is a large party from California, another from Minneapolis. M. J. Dee, editor of the Detroit *News*, J. A. Marsh, superintendent of that great monopoly, the American News Company, a scion of the rich Marshall family, and last, but not least, Mrs. Von Wartegg, wife of the great traveler, but best known to the public by her stage name, "Minnie Hauk," the famous opera singer and the creator of Carmen. Every part of the American continent seems to have contributed one delegate at least, and while every language of Europe is spoken there is not a passenger who does not speak English.

It is a popular superstition among sailors that priests and preachers are Jonahs on board ship, and the fact that we have five of them, including a black-bearded Jesuit missionary and a cross-eyed Italian who is the dead image of the late lamented warrior Sitting Bull, may account for the storms which have beset the staunch ship Fulda. By the way, one of them is the Rev. Walter C. Stewart, an Anglican clergyman from Albany, N.Y., and a twin brother of the athletic ex-chief of the Hamilton police. He is a very large man, and while carrying his baby along the wet deck the other day the ship gave a lurch and he slipped, fell, and went sailing through the slush, holding high the infant safe from harm. It was very funny for everyone but the athletic clergyman, whose care of the baby, however, made the spectators conceal their laughter more than they otherwise would have done.

Talking about Jonahs reminds me that we have had a tragedy and a funeral. The third day out everyone was startled by the cry "A man overboard!" Rushing to the side, an empty barrel which had been thrown out was all that could be seen. After a while a man nearly a mile away was observed for a few moments, swimming towards the barrel, then nothing but the great waves of the sea. The vessel backed up and cruised around for fifteen or twenty minutes, the life boat was manned and made ready for launching, but no sight could be had of either barrel or man. Passengers and crew alike scanned the waves with painful intentness, but no sign was discovered of the missing man and the ship went on her way, every eye still eagerly searching the face of the great deep. It was a sad and solemn event and furnished a topic of conversation for the balance of the day. The man was a stoker who had been taken on at New York, and being unused to the great heat in the boiler-room—a sight of which, by the way, is like a glimpse into the infernal regions—became crazed and committed suicide. The boatswain saw him strip off his clothes and ran forward to catch him as he was jumping, but too late to save his life. I don't blame him much. If it came to a choice between shoveling coal into the engines of a ship or jumping overboard, I think I'd take to the water. The next night a sailor died and was buried before dawn, but none of the passengers heard of it till it was all over and consequently missed that sad sight—a burial at sea.

We expect to reach Gibraltar to-night about seven, and if the ship can land her passengers will go on her way at once. I am hoping that she may be detained, for if we arrive and leave in the darkness we shall all miss a sight of the greatest fortress in the world.

January 11th, 4 p.m.—We are now passing through the straits. Africa is only a couple of miles away, and the Atlas Mountains, range after range, stretch away to the right and form ing a coast line we can see for many miles to the south and east. Tangiers, between Port Sparta and the Monkey's Head, lies in an inlet, and is a place I long to visit. On the left is the coast of Spain; Cape Trafalgar and Trafalgar Bay are near us, and in fancy we "can see the Frenchmen lay." Palos, too, is here, the port from which Columbus sailed to discover America. Sailing ships and steamers are meeting us and everybody is gay; even the gray-haired lady with the sad eyes has smiled. In two days more I shall be in Genoa and write of Gibraltar from there. DON.

Around Town.

Terrible as have been the ravages of la grippe during the past three winters, fairness impels me to point out one good turn done by that much cursed epidemic. At one time people were in the habit of taking severe colds. No person has had a cold for three years. Influenza was once a very prevalent ailment, but is now rare. Occasionally people died of old age—not now though. La grippe has driven colds and influenza out of the world, and if medical science can now drive this new ailment after them life will be pleasanter than it used to be and people will look back upon this epidemic as a misunderstood blessing. And now that old age has ceased to kill, I may pursue the idea further and say that if we can only get rid of la grippe the aged may live forever. Country newspapers are specially directed to the fact that this new disease has a monopoly of the job of slaying mankind, a conclusive and striking proof of the fact that advertising pays. Three years ago it started in a small way, but by a copious use of printers' ink it has already become known wherever man is found, has absorbed every rival except such old established diseases as small-pox, diphtheria, typhoid and, of course, the gun that didn't let on it was loaded. It has driven colds and influenza off the earth, has absorbed or consolidated rheumatism, chills, neuralgia, headache, pleurisy, inflammation, consumption and at latest accounts has arranged an amicable business relationship even with typhoid and diphtheria. I firmly believe that advertising has been the making of la grippe, without which it would not have slain tens where it has slain hundreds.

* * *

The *News* is not particularly fastidious about its fame when Mr. McWilliams inconsequent statement was considered sufficient to warrant it in reinstating its dismissed editor and advertising agent. The lawyer withdrew nothing, simply denying that he had said he was with Mr. Caiger and other gentlemen in a "little" room. What has the size of the room got to do with it? Surely the paper did not dismiss its employees owing to the limited area of a room they were said to have entered after business hours; and surely it has not reinstated them on learning that they were not seen in a "little" room. This seems to be the exact position. What shocked the public was the charge that two newspaper men and an alderman tried to blackmail a man anxious to secure a contract from the city. The public was not thrilled with a spasm over the detail that the scheme was attempted in a "little" room. Hang the room, what about the ten thousand dollars or ten thousand lines! A man can be as honest in a little room as in a big one, or as dishonest in a big one as in a little one, so never mind the room. The *News* pretended to dismiss its men until satisfied of their innocence, but if it doubted their innocence a month ago nothing has since transpired to dispel that doubt. If it had faith in their honesty all along, why did it not stand by them as they deserved to be stood by? I am anxious to see the newspaper men vindicated and those who preferred charges against them put to confusion, and therefore I trust the editor will not accept such a hump-backed "apology" as that accepted by the advertising agent and the management of the newspaper. The honor of the profession is an uncertain quantity at best, and it is sad to look forward to the day when none of it will be left. Therefore it should be jealously hoarded up, and defended in sanctum and court of law.

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The bye-elections are turning out very satisfactorily for the Government, and I should not be surprised if Premier Abbott should find himself supported with a majority of thirty-five when the House meets. That is a sufficient majority to make the machinery run smoothly, though perhaps in these uneasy times it is not large enough to carry through a gerrymander act of particularly wicked design. A redistribution of seats is constitutionally arranged to follow the census taking, but so little are the changes in the population that no very plausible excuse exists for disturbing the boundaries of constituencies all over the country. The ruling party has probably not the slightest desire to take any advantage of its weaker antagonist, not the faintest wish to gerrymander or to herd the Grit goats into odd corners. The reason that the ruling party has no such desire is chiefly because the constituencies are fixed to perfection already. They were carved and parcelled and portioned off by a master hand that seldom blundered or made clumsy slips. When it was done it was well done and requires little retouching and few repairs after ten years. No one can dispute the fact that there was a gerrymander of a most thorough kind, yet a Tory has a most suitable defense for it, as party defenses go the world over. Mr. Mowat is the best specimen of a Grit in the Dominion and he did not hesitate to gerrymander just as thoroughly and just as shrewdly as the Tory leader at Ottawa, hence it is fair to assume if the Grit party had the chance it would gerrymander the Dominion to suit its necessities with a promptitude that would make some of its puritanical adherents faint. I have not a doubt but that the Grit workers made their frantic and unsentimental effort a thing caused so many of their members elect to be unseated, cheered on and encouraged by the prospect of making their power permanent should they win by means of this chance coming once in ten years of redistributing or gerrymandering the country. Having lost, they remain handicapped for the next election as well; had they won they would have handicapped the enemy. This is the great trick in politics, for a successful party to entrench itself and legislate further defeats for the opposition. If Premier Abbott makes the slightest attempt at redistribution, however honest, it will of course be with a great outcry pronounced a gerrymander; another trick of politics, but merely a little unprofitable trick of the opposition. As it is the privilege of a victorious party to inflict injury, so too it is the privilege of a defeated party to squirm when it suffers no injury. The one can pass acts; the other can do acting to delude beholders if possible. The first has the best of it. MACK.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Carveth and her sister, Mrs. McDonald, are visiting in New York.

*

Mrs. Tackaberry's tea last Wednesday was one of the most successful of the season. Her pretty rooms were thronged with hosts of ladies, and a delightful afternoon was enjoyed. Very handsome costumes were worn by most of the ladies, and I was particularly conquered by one sweet little frock of delicate pearl gray, with pale shell pink *crepon* vest, looking like a spring flower which had lost its way and wandered into a winter conservatory.

*

Mrs. Charles Warwick of Winchester street entertained the Bell Euchre Club on Friday evening of last week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Williams gave a very pleasant dance at their home, 23 Grosvenor street, on Monday last. About thirty guests were present and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

*

I am glad to hear that Miss Mary Drayton, whose illness was at one time serious, is on the way to recovery. Miss Drayton's sweet and gentle manner and interesting personality have gained her hosts of friends, who were very anxious to hear of her convalescence.

*

Mr. Wm. Huston, who was a resident of Toronto and secretary of the Mimico Industrial School for some years after its opening, died recently in Woodstock. A chorus of regretful eulogy has arisen from all places where Mr. Huston's personal influence for good extended, and those of us who had the privilege of his friendship felt that it was a favor not to be lightly esteemed.

*

Miss Phemie Smith of 311 Jarvis street is in Montreal on a visit to Mrs. McEachran.

*

Mr. and Mrs. W. Handcock Clarke and Miss Gaylord of New York, who have made their home in Toronto for the past year, have gone to reside in Detroit.

*

A small reunion of ladies to meet Miss Laura Giddings took place at the residence of Mr. James L. Hughes, 58 Henry street, on Wednesday evening. Among those present were Mrs. and Miss Dowd, Mrs. A. E. Denison, Miss Freeman, Miss Harper and others. Miss Giddings equals Mrs. Jenness-Miller in personal attraction and earnestness, and is a fit exponent of her theory that health and beauty go hand in hand. Ladies from all parts of the city are entering into her ideas and forming classes for physical culture which are bound to result in good. Miss Giddings resides at 41 Wilton Crescent at present.

*

Miss Jacques, a former resident of Toronto, has returned from England and is visiting Mrs. Platt of Jarvis street.

*

Mrs. Martin of Carlton street gave a charming tea on Friday of last week.

*

Miss Clark of New York, who has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Botsford of 66 St. George street, has gone for several months to Winnipeg and North Dakota.

*

Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter, who for the past few weeks has been dangerously ill with pneumonia, is around again looking pale and considerably shaken up. Mr. Hunter made a brave struggle for life and we are pleased to see his face again on King street.

*

Mr. Fred Pellatt's dance on Tuesday evening was a most delightful affair. About a hundred young people were invited, who congratulated themselves as well as their host on his charming way of celebrating the attainment of his majority. Among the many present were: Mesdames Buckland, Perrin, Hamilton and Harry Pellatt; Misses Brodie, Howard, Douglas, Burns, Richardson, Drynan, L. Drynan, Buckland, and Messrs. Masten, Boddy, Davies, Richey, Lillie, Morphy, Stewart, Higinbotham, Darby, Burns, Richardson, Holland, Drs. Temple, Scadding, Peters and Col. Hamilton.

*

Justice and Mrs. Ferguson's At Home was very largely attended on Thursday of last week. The spacious parlors, corridors and verandas of Eastlawn were crowded with pretty gowns and bright faces, and the genial host and hostess spared no effort to insure a delightful evening. Refreshing tea and coffee were served during the fore part of the evening on the cosy landing upstairs, and a delicious supper was announced at twelve o'clock. All the arrangements for this reception were most thoughtful, and the large number of guests were duly appreciative of the kind care for their comfort and enjoyment. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Capt. and Mrs. Sankey, Mr. and Miss McLean Howard, Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. R. Carroll, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Col. and Miss Milligan, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Leonard Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mr. Douglas Cameron, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Dr. Scadding, the Misses Sullivan, Mr. DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, Mr. Boddy, Mr. Walter O'Hara, Mr. Sullivan, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison and Major Harrison.

*

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Coulson gave a very pleasant progressive euchre party, followed by a dancing, at their new residence, MacDonell avenue, Parkdale, on Wednesday evening.

*

A charity ball and supper will be given at Webb's parlors on Monday evening next by the Sons of Benjamin, in aid of the Russian refugees. A large attendance will doubtless support this worthy object.

*

A most attractive programme has been gotten out by pupils of Miss Martha Smith, B. E., for their second annual entertainment in Association Hall on February 11. Two selections are to be presented in gesture by the class while they are read by Miss Smith. The musical part of the programme will be given by Mesdames McDonald and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight.

*

Mr. C. Candee of Jarvis street is shortly to bring a bride from the South. Those who know tell me that this expected addition to Toronto's society will be a great acquisition, both musically and socially.

*

Rev. Charles Le V. Brine of Hamilton was visiting in Toronto this week.

*

Rev. A. E. Oliver, who has been on a visit to New York, has returned to the city.

*

The French Club will meet this evening at Mrs. Tackaberry's, 575 Jarvis street.

*

Mrs. and Miss Lowndes were At Home to their friends on Thursday, January 28. The guest of the evening was Miss Henderson of Perth, who has since returned home. Among those present were: Misses Pearson, Bostwick, Grey, Jones, Smith, the Misses Stein, and Messrs. Nunn, Lillie, Austen, Boddy, Gale, Henderson, Jones, Cully Robertson and a number of others.

*

Mrs. Maurice McFarlane of Jarvis street gave a pleasant reception to the Bell Euchre Club last evening.

*

Mrs. C. H. McLaughlin gave a charming little musicale on Tuesday evening of last week. Mrs. Campbell-Shafer and Miss Edith Rowland gave delightful selections. Mrs. Campbell-Shafer, who sang for the Caledonian Society on the Monday previous, extended her stay for this impromptu enjoyable reunion.

*

Next Tuesday evening M. George Coutellier will give a lecture on The French Press and its Journalists, in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, corner Yonge and McGill streets, at 8 o'clock. Those who have benefited by M. Coutellier's vivid and charming pictures of French manners and customs, political and social, will be glad to receive further enlightenment on a new side of *La vie Parisienne* from one who has had the benefit of personal journalistic experience in that city.

*

The third annual At Home of the Winona Social Circle was held in Webb's parlors on Friday evening, January 29. This joint stock organization seems to have had a harmonious and progressive existence since its commencement in 1889, and the directors, Mr. W. J. Kirby, Mrs. W. F. Dodd, Mr. C. R. Stewart, Mr. W. E. Fudger, Mrs. W. E. Fudger, Mr. A. C. Winton and Miss E. A. Fudger are to be congratulated upon the measure of success that has attended their efforts. The arrangements for this At Home were evidently carried out to a successful issue, and one feature particularly noticeable was the absence of unsociable cliques. Great care seemed to be taken by the directors and reception committee that the friends were introduced to others and made to feel comfortably at home. An interesting programme of dances was prepared for the ball-room and the music furnished was of a very charming character. On the floor above this there were arrangements for parlor games, card parties, etc., and a smoking-room for the gentlemen. The refreshments supplied by Harry Webb were up to his usual high standard of excellence. The following are names of some who were present: Mr. J. W. Atherton, Miss Allison, Mr. Fred Armstrong, Mr. Harry Armstrong, Miss A. Awde, Mr. Henry C. Arnold, Mr. I. E. Belfry, Mr. A. Belfry, Miss M. Belfry, Mr. B. Cane of Newmarket, Miss Carnegie, Miss E. F. Copleston, Miss L. Copleston, Prof. Davis, Miss Davis, Mr. A. Dubois, Miss Dubois, Miss S. Dubois, Mrs. W. F. Dodd, Miss Dodd, Mr. J. W. Daniel, Mr. R. C. Davidson, Mr. R. L. Davidson, Mr. George Forbes, Mr. F. Forbes, Mr. W. E. Fudger, Mrs. Fudger, Miss Fudger, Mr. J. Friend, Miss Frost, Mr. G. A. Fudger, Miss L. Geare, Miss A. Geare, Miss H. Geare, Mr. P. Garrod, Miss M. Gorrie, Mr. H. Hamilton, Miss Hussey, Mr. W. H. Jardine, Mr. R. J. Johnston, Mr. W. J. Kirby, Mrs. C. Kirby, Miss Kirby, Mr. C. Kirby, Mr. C. M. Kirby, Mr. Frank King, Mr. J. F. Logan, Miss Logan, Mr. T. A. Lyon, Mr. A. Lyon, Mr. Lawrence Miller, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Joel Miller, Mr. W. G. Malone, Mr. J. R. Mutton, Miss Mutton, Miss N. G. Malins, Miss C. Malins, Miss H. Malins, Mr. S. McBride, Mrs. McBride, Miss McEachern, Mrs. J. P. McMillan, Mrs. J. McMahon, Miss McPherson, Mr. J. H. Pickering, Miss Pearsall, Mr. J. K. Peacock, Mr. A. Ring, Miss Ring, Mr. George Reynolds, Miss Rowly, Miss A. Reid, Mr. G. M. Rose, Mr. J. G. Shewan, Miss Shewan, Mr. John Stewart of Perth, Mr. C. R. Stewart, Miss L. Stanley, Mr. Thomas Sweet, Miss Taylor, Mr. A. J. Tipping, Mrs. Tipping, Miss Thompson, Mr. J. Walsh, Miss Walsh, Mr. A. C. Winton, Miss Winton.

*

The Toronto Literary and Musical Club held their regular meeting on Tuesday, February 2nd, in their clubrooms, corner Spadina avenue and College street. Dr. M. W. Sparrow gave an essay on Self Culture, and Mr. John Deeks A Talk on Astronomy. Miss Nellie Martin, Mrs. W. G. Paull, Mrs. Blight, Mrs. W. A. Martin and Mrs. M. W. Sparrow assisted in the musical part of the programme. Miss J. H. Wetherald, the well known teacher of elocution, was appointed treasurer, and eleven new members were elected, the club having now an active membership of fifty-nine. The chair was filled by Dr. Herbert Adams. The entertainment committee decided that the next regular meeting of the club should be styled a Canadian Evening, the object being to foster Canadian sentiment and a knowledge of our own country. There is an excellent programme and the meeting will be thrown open to the public. The programme, so far as at present arranged, is as follows:—Short address by the Chairman, Dr. E. Herbert Adams; Canadian Landscape, Mr. T. Mower Martin, R.C.A.; Canadian Literature, Hereward K. Cockin; Canadian Canadians, Mr. A. G. Mortimer; Canadian Art Student Abroad, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, R.C.A.; Canadian Settler, Mr. J. Robertson; original readings by Mr. Owen A. Hincly, Mr. Malcolm W. Sparrow,

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

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Dresses and Other Things.

A GOOD many handsome dresses are made up in Toronto which are not worn here, but delight the fashionables of sister cities. The costumes of some of the leading actresses which secure half a column or more of comment in various newspapers abroad, were designed and finished in the King street workrooms of Toronto's clever modistes. This is an open secret to the initiated, and actresses who spend a week's season in our city seize the opportunity to replenish their stage or street-worn gowns to their and our mutual satisfaction. If they did not find it worth while, and pass on the idea to others, we should not have this pleasing fact to record, and La Mode knows from their own lips how many queens of the stage made good bargains and brave appearances in consequence of their visits to Toronto.

•

A handsome dress made for and worn at Osgoode Hall was a rich wine-colored velvet bodice and demi-train over a shell-pink *crepe* petticoat loosely draped in graceful folds and held in place by clusters of dainty pink marabout feathers. The square bodice was edged with pink feather trimming and the short sleeves in a new and tasteful design capped with velvet.

•

Another lovely dress, seen at a large private dance, was a bodice and train of lustrous white satin daintily brocaded in panels of colored flowers over a stomacher and petticoat of plain white embroidered in silver; the train and bodice were edged with soft rich ostrich plumes, and the gown was worn by a stately matron whose youthful appearance discredited the fact of her being the mother of two society belles, whose dancing she watched with a conscious sense that it needed no improvement.

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Black silk stockings are in fashion for all occasions, though for full-dress wear, bronze, tan, or scarlet stockings to match the shoe and in harmony with the dress, may be chosen.

•

The very latest conceit in hair-dressing is to wear an old fashioned signet ring as a coiffure ornament. A coil of hair is passed through the circlet, holding it firmly in any desired position.

•

An exquisite boudoir tea gown is of rose-hued Indian silk draped with *chiffon*.

•

Matinee coats are stylish habits of India or foulard silk, and are worn to teas and luncheons.

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The sympathetic current which comes toward us from Russia does not fail to make its influence felt on our fashions, and all furred garments are apt to be entitled Russian "thus and so." For instance, little boys are dressed in Moujik blouses of velvet or cloth with edgings of some brown fur, usually mink or Alaska sable, or, if expense be no object, Russian sable, open at the side and belted down with a girdle of leather. A cap trimmed with fur, and full trowsers tucked into high top boots with leather facings, give character to the costume.

•

In foot-wear the patent-leather shoe for dress has come well to the front, and evidently means to stay there. Patent-leather ties with cloth gaiters are worn even on the street by many, during the winter, in preference to high boots, since the fashion is for gaiters, and gaiters and boots together have a tendency to make the prettiest ankle look heavy. Nevertheless, the gaiter is not always practicable, and high boots of glove or French kid with pointed toes are worn for walking on all occasions when the way underfoot is not exceptionally fine. For dancing shoes, an exception is made this season to the formerly almost universal russet or Suede leathers, and shoes or slippers the color of the costume are often seen. Very little ornamentation is used, even upon dancing slippers; the plain, neat-fitting kid shoe displaying an elaborately clocked or embroidered silk stocking is deemed sufficiently elegant for any purpose.

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Pretty garnitures for evening dresses of light materials are the chrysanthemum rosettes, made of satin ribbons of the narrowest widths, scarcely a fourth of an inch wide, and they are modeled after the natural flowers in size and their thickly clustered petals. They are sometimes made of one color entirely, and are an exquisite garniture for a dress of the simplest material; or for shot silks, moires, and brocades, the various colors of the fabric may be introduced and variously combined, so that no two rosettes will be alike. In disposing them they are set on the shoulder, over or under the lace bertha, and they hold the points of a flounce of lace draped in festoons, or are set in rows of half a dozen, lengthwise, amid flounces of *chiffon*. Their best effect is obtained in very light colors with countless pointed ends of ribbon stuck in among the loops, to simulate the ragged edges of the flowers.

•

Pretty and youthful gowns which are not expensive are of striped taffeta silk in two colors, as gray on pink, or two shades of a color. Pale blue or pink silk net with large meshes, made up over silk of the same shade, also makes a simple and inexpensive dress. Such dresses are usually made in one piece, with a princess effect, the skirt made separate at first, then sewed to the waist, the joining hidden under rows of "baby" ribbon drawn through meshes of the net.

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At luncheons and afternoon teas ladies' cloth gowns in pale tints—biscuit, Nile green, pink or yellow—are worn, and the garniture is of white lace and fur. A band of fur around the neck, wrists, and foot of the skirt, is the style of trimming, with white lace frills at neck and sleeves. To complete such a dress for the street a military cape is worn, lined with ermine, swan's down, Krimmer, or *mouflon* fur.

LA MODE.

An Exploded Ghost Story.

"WELL, and what can a bare-faced young fellow like you make out o' the law in a year?" asked my companion as we rode along together. "Oh, I make about one hundred and fifty myself," I replied, "but then, you see, I'm only a student as yet. The head of our firm, Mr. Patrick, Q. C., makes about fifteen thousand."

The shrewd and quizzical-looking farmer, whom I had never seen until to-day, but toward whom I felt on most friendly terms, grew suddenly irascible.

"Fifteen thousand dollars, fifteen thousand in a year! Now, look here, that's too much for any man to make. Why, the farmers round here grub and slave and wear their lives out and get old before their time for five hundred o' them dollars after paylin' rent. And you fellows with the law-shops sit around and wait for hard-workin' men to fight with each other, and make out deeds o' land and draw wills for men like old Harrison, that has money enough to leave——"

My look of puzzled astonishment at his last half-dozen words put him into a good humor again.

"Ha! ha! ha! You didn't think I knew what you was comin' out to see old man Harrison for. You was exercisin' a "legal rettysense," as the papers has it, about that will, My name's Mackenzie. The old man's a cousin of my wife's. I knew all about it and that somebody was comin' down with the paper when the will was drawn to have it signed, the old man bein' weakly. And when I came drivin' along in this wagon and you asked me how far it was to his house, and I seen you buttonin' that square cut coat a' yours up tight and feelin' of your breast pocket, I knew your business."

I laughed at the observation of the old man, and we rode on for a while in silence. The soft sunshine of late September was shining on the white road and putting finishing touches on the apples that were half-seen in the dusky green of the orchard trees. Turkeys and chickens were busy in the stubble; in a few fields men were plowing, and some late flowers bloomed for my delighted city eyes. It seemed doubly sad and almost unnatural that there should be trouble and unhappiness and mortgages in such a lovely country. Perhaps my companion thought so too, for presently he began:

"Well, it's been a good year, but poor Lizzie Harrison's had trouble enough. The old man's been ailin' all summer and he'll hardly let her out o' his sight, and a mighty savage old bear he is, too. But he's got the money though. You know that and you know better than I do, I guess, that Lizzie 'll get a good slice of it, and she'll do it credit. The old man's educated her and she can play the piano, and speak French and dress all land not look overdressed neither) with the best o' them, and she's got a heap o' common sense to go along with it. I guess they're so worried about the old man, who's been worse for the last day or so, they forgot to send anybody to meet you at the flag station where you got off. This is the Harrison land we're comin' to now," he continued; "this bit o' bush next the cornfield is the tail end o' his land. A lot of women round here say that this is haunted. It's a lonely piece of road for a quarter of a mile or so just along here. There's no houses on either side except that old shanty in the trees there." He pointed out a dilapidated and sinister-looking log shanty half hidden among the pine trees. "There was a worthless pair o' the devil's make lived in that place about ten years ago. The man got drunk and the woman got drunk and they both got drunk together most of the time. One mornin' the slovenly-lookin' lag had a baby and she kept sober for a couple of days. Then she got 'round and got drunk again, and the baby was drawin' whiskey out of her breasts all the time. Well, one day, about two weeks after the child was born, the pair went off and was never heard of after, and everybody was mighty glad, for they'd been livin' off the cupboards and henroosts of the people round for quite a while. And somehow or other it got round, as stories will, that the pair had killed the baby beforethey went, and buried it under the shanty. But it took the hired men and the servant girls about six months to get the yarn together and spread round, so it was never looked into. Maybe the child was buried there; nobody ever took the trouble to look. If it was it probably died o' its own free will, the most sensible thing it could do with such parents. Anyway, people who believe in such things 'll tell you the shanty's haunted."

We had by this time reached my destination, and I bade farewell to my talkative friend and walked through the orchard to the comfortable house of the sick man. Miss Lizzie was all that she had been described, and after I had with some difficulty fulfilled my errand to old Harrison, she was pleased, with her comfortable-looking aunt, to do the honors of the teable. My train did not leave the crossing until nine o'clock, but to wait at the house just now would, I felt, be much of an inconvenience and worry to my entertainers, so I resisted the invitation to remain an hour or so with them and be driven to the station, and begged permission to walk back there and see the wide fields in the silver moonlight. I set out with pleasant memories of Miss Lizzie's sweet graciousness and stopped for a few moments to gaze over the wide acres of her father's, which would soon mean nothing to him, and then and there concocted a little romance about us two. The proud heiress of wide estates and her knight errant, whose lance was the legal quill. As I proceeded down the road, however, these pleasing fancies were suddenly called to a stop by a cry that seemed to come from that dark spot down the road where the old shanty stood. It seemed to be *the shrill, peculiar cry of a young child!* Then it came again, unmistakably this time.

I do not believe in ghosts, but when I heard that cry again and thought of the story that Mackenzie had told me, I stood still and grew cold for a moment and my scalp tightened over my skull. Then courage came back and I walked sturdily on. There was no light of any kind in the hut and in the moonlight that shone through the trees and on the cleared space about it, I could see nothing. I stood for a moment and gazed timorously over the snake fence that skirted the piece of bush. Then fifty feet away the cry rose again, indescribably weird. No human cry! The impulse to fly from some imaginary pursuer sometimes comes over one when there is no cause at all for such a sensation; one looks over his shoulder half in fear at such moments and quickens his walk. The same impulse heightened so much by what was to me, made nervous by study as I was, a real cause for fear, came and I yielded to it and ran down the road until I could run no more.

This adventure of mine, though it puzzled me not a little, furnished me with a story about myself that was interesting to all to whom I told it. I did not always tell my friends about my abject flight, but had acquired the distinction of having encountered a ghost and I was quite interesting for this reason. The supernatural visitation did not frighten me away from that part of the country though. I felt no reluctance in visiting the place some few weeks after old Harrison's decease, when some business turned up with reference to the winding up of his estate, and I had made one or two holiday visits for pleasure only in accordance with the invitations of the comfortable aunt. One of my principals had jocosely remarked that the firm felt in no danger of losing so fair a client as Miss Elizabeth Harrison while they employed such a brave-hearted gallant as myself, and the few country people I had met had calmly assumed in a way country people have, that I knew all about Miss Lizzie's health, plans and state of mind, and when, as once or twice I had done, I stopped into the "store" and post-office I had been plied with questions about her in a manner that both pleased and irritated me. I had mentioned to none of the country people my encounter with the ghost. I did not wish to be named as voucher for all the future details superstitious gossips might add to the story of the haunted shanty, and after hearing the yarn that was told to the post office loafers on the first of July when I stepped in to post a letter as I was going up to Harrison farm, I was glad I had not. Two young farmers had just come in, in a perfectly sober but hilarious condition. They had with them a tawny dog of nondescript breed, who looked rather dilapidated and whose tail seemed in particularly hard luck.

"Say, boys," said one of them, "we killed the biggest coon you ever saw this mornin' We're not workin' to day you know; we're goin' down to Toronto to see the sports and I was rather late drivin' the cows up to the stony pasture. I was just comin' back when I noticed somethin' movin' in a mighty peculiar way in the fall wheat at the back of the barn. I called to Pete who was washin' the buggy up by the house and we plunged in through the wheat with old Tige and what should the beast that was movin 'round so be but the finest coon you ever see. 'Course he started off when Tige came after him and he moved mighty fast too, but me and Pete standin' there at diff'rent pints to intercept him seemed to confuse him, for he got into his old trail again and started off round in a diz'lar big circle. Us two fellows got laughin' at the way them two animals kept coin' round, Tige one side o' the circle and coon t'other, or we might 'a' killed the brute easy then. Presently, just as Tige was almost ketchin' up to him, he struck off across his own circle, but Tige came barkin' along and did not see the coon had turned off, and as he had been gettin' up speed just when the old gentleman reached the other side of his circle, Tige came sailin' past with his tail trailed out, and what does that dum fool of a coon do but grab it. Tige didn't know what struck him at first, and he let a whoop out o' him and run all the faster, or as fast as he could with that weight to his tail near draggin' him back. Then he turned and saw what was up, and made a grab for the coon's throat. Old stripe tail was too quick for him though, and gave the dog a nip in his upper lip and rolled over and went off through the wheat like winkin'. Well, he struck off through the stump fence and across the pasture and then through the bush like mad, with Tige barkin' and me and Pete whoopin' and yellin' after him. Well, we chased him through brush and round stumps and barked our shins and scratched ourselves up until he got to his hole. And where do you think he lived? Why, close up to the road in the bush just at the corner of the cornfield that old haunted shanty. We got him out after quite a time and didn't he make a fight for it! He lay on his back and scratched for dear life and it took the whole three of us to kill him. And he cried away just like a child, like a coon does and anybody might 'a' taken his noises for the ghost o' that baby. His skin is all little mangled, but it's a beauty and you kin look at him up at the house and see if he isn't the biggest coon you ever saw. Bet your life the old man be mad when he sees the wheat tramped down like it is!"

This story was much appreciated and the young narrator was not slow to echo the laughter which it evoked. Three or four men were clearing their throats and getting ready to tell coon stories of their own, but I interposed with a few questions as to the natural history of the coon. All were somewhat surprised at my ignorance, but I was excused on the ground of my being a city chap, and I learned that a coon wanders at night and often in the daytime in search of food, is addicted to the vicinity of corn fields and utters a peculiar cry like that of a child in distress when on these night wanderings. These traits of the coon I thought might throw some light on my supernatural adventure, and I felt warranted in considering it and narrating with some modifications, to the immense enjoyment of my rural audience, An Exploded Ghost Story.

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

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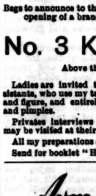

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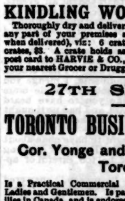

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CONSTANCE.

By F. C. PHILIPS,

Author of "The Dean and His Daughter," "As in a Looking Glass," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Daphne Armitage was out of her element in the West Kensington *menage*. Her pretty blandishments were disregarded and her brilliant repartees fell somewhat flat. She felt that she was not appreciated at her right worth and this she resented. Constance was as sweet and charming as it was possible for a hostess to be, but there were none of the nobler sex to captivate and Daphne secretly pined for new worlds to conquer. Lord Hardstock, it is true, joined the little circle occasionally, but, as she looked upon him as her sister-in-law's exclusive property, he hardly counted.

Dr. Dale she considered a handsome and most agreeable man, but the very first evening he spent in her society he had the execrable taste to allow her to perceive his admiration for the governess, and after that—well, Daphne shrugged her plump shoulders, and made a little move of contempt. She cordially detested Miss Baillie. She could see nothing in her to admire, and she openly expressed her opinion that she was a mass of artificiality from the top of her head to the sole of her foot. "I call her a nasty, scheming adventuress," she said one day.

Constance looked grieved. She had long ago given up being shocked at anything Daphne might say or do, for the little lady openly disregarded all conventionalities as the whim of the moment suggested. She was like a brilliantly painted butterfly that had settled on a cabbage field, and pined for a more congenial resting place. But she had not the remotest intention of returning to Paris to her husband. The way in which she spoke of him grated upon Constance terribly. He had brought her to England himself, and had stayed a couple of days, but short though the visit was Mrs. Armitage could not but see that the relations between them were sadly strained. At parting he spoke a word or two of admonition to his wife, and however ill-timed it might have been, at all events it was a purely affectionate feeling that dictated it. She was to be guided in all things by Constance, he said, and not to let her foolish brain run away with her.

Now Daphne was mightily indignant at all this.

"I wonder you don't engage a nursemaid for me at once," she said resentfully, "since I am incapable of behaving properly without being looked after."

Constance knew from past experience that it was useless to reason with her. She was nothing but a spoilt child.

"Really, I think she is prettier than ever," she said warmly, to her brother-in-law, honestly glad that there was something she could speak of approvingly.

"God grant that her beauty may not be her greatest curse," he answered. And there were tears in his voice.

Constance glanced at him quickly. "She is very young," she said, "you must be patient."

"Of course she is young, but the worst of it is that she doesn't grow wiser. I dared to hope at first that she would, but of late I can hardly bring myself to speak of it even to you. But a horrid suspicion has come over me that her love is not so deep as it was, and that she is growing weary of me."

"If you are right," said Constance earnestly, "depend upon it, it rests only with yourself to strengthen her love. We women are very much as you men make us. Remember that love begets love, and there is no one half great for it to accomplish if it be pure and true."

Gerald Armitage sprang from his chair and paced up and down the room. "I do," he said. "If there were more women like you, there would be happier homes and fewer discontented men."

"I fear that I am not at all an easy person to live with."

"I am sure that poor Cyril would not have endorsed that statement. I don't suppose you two ever exchanged a harsh or bitter word." He paused in front of her and marvelled to see the distressed look which came over her whole face. The tears glittered in her eyes, and seeing them he turned away, angry with himself that he should have reminded her of her lost happiness, in blissful ignorance of the truth.

"If you will make my darling little wife as good and true as you are, Constance, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

But if was beyond Constance's power to sway and control that wayward mind. Precept and example might do something, but they could not work miracles, and weeds throve space where the flowers should have blossomed. As is usual in such cases, there were faults on both sides. If Daphne was wilful and vain, Gerald was obstinate and unyielding.

"He is so selfish," said Daphne with a pout. "How can he possibly expect me to be interested in his stupid foggy friends, most of them a century old! And he objects to my being intimate with anyone nearer my own age."

"That is hardly fair. But have you no women friends, Daphne?"

"Oh yes, I don't mean women, but——"

Constance could not help smiling. "My dear," she said gravely, "no husband, be he old or young, would approve of his wife forming near friendships with other men."

"Oh, you are as bad as he is."

"I have lived longer than you, at all events, and am more experienced. I can see shoals and quicksands ahead, of which you guess nothing."

"Now there was Mr. St. Quentin," continued Daphne (and at the mention of that name Constance's heart beat a shade faster), "he was awfully nice, but Gerald found out that I had been to the Bois with him, and, if I had broken every one of the commandments, I pledge you my word that he could not have made more fuss. I should only like you to have heard him. I was giddy, he said, and had no thought for my own position or for his honor. Ridiculous rubbish!"

"I don't think you ought to have gone about alone with Mr. St. Quentin, Daphne. A young married woman cannot be too careful of appearances."

"It is all very well to preach," answered Daphne, tossing her head impatiently. "But, now I come to think of it, you did not think it wicked to spend a whole afternoon alone with him when I was at Neuilly, although you are engaged to another man."

"Daphne, what are you saying?"

This was turning the tables with a vengeance. Never until now had Constance suspected that her sister-in-law knew of that *tete-a-tete*; but the accusation contained in the latter part of her speech swallowed up any uneasiness she might have felt. "I must ask you to explain your meaning," continued Constance, feeling herself growing very hard and cold.

"Well, if you are not engaged to Lord Hardstock, you are a thousand times worse than I have ever been."

Daphne tried to rush from the room after this shot, but Constance restrained her.

"Again I ask you, please explain yourself."

And mortified, laughing in the unpleasant conviction that having asserted herself she must now stick to her colors, she blurted out the whole story.

"You were never more mistaken in your life," said Constance. "Lord Hardstock is not and never has been and never will be my lover. Have you spoken of this to Gerald?"

"I don't know—I think not; I don't remember." Her hesitating manner confirmed Mrs. Armitage's fear that she had done so.

"You must give me your word," she said, "that you will put this matter straight. I don't choose that my brother-in-law should labor under such a misapprehension with regard to my affairs. You will disabuse his mind, Daphne. It is a matter of far greater importance to me than probably you realize."

She was thinking of Basil St. Quentin, and what she should do if any such absurd rumor should reach his ears. And yet, why should she care? Surely he by now knew too well to credit it. But from that day she was ill at ease. Daphne had spoken so confidently and appeared so certain of what she was saying. It did seem as if Lord Hardstock was to spring up on every side to vex and worry her.

Once or twice she was wi hin an ace of asking her sister-in-law point blank if the subject had been broached before Mr. St. Quentin, but she kept silence for two reasons; first, because of an inexplicable sensation of shyness and diffidence that prevented her from mentioning his name and appearing to display any interest in him, and secondly, because she feared that Daphne's veracity was not to be relied upon.

"Whether she has spoken to Mr. St. Quentin or not, she is absolutely certain to deny having done so. She never by any chance 'tells of herself' as the children say."

If it had not been for Mrs. Strangways, Daphne would have been terribly bored in London, but that lady took compassion on her and chaperoned her to one or two festivities. Since the death of her husband Constance had given up every sort of amusement. Lord Hardstock tried in vain to persuade her to go to the theater on one occasion.

"I really don't care to go," she said. "The heat and glare are insufferable at this time of the year."

"You may take me, Lord Hardstock," put in Daphne wickedly. "Would it be too dreadful, Constance, if Lord Hardstock bored himself to that extent!"

Mrs. Armitage's face assumed a doubtful look. Truth to tell, she was afraid to trust her reckless little sister-in-law out of her sight.

"I will get a box, and Miss Baillie shall come with us. It will be a treat for her, poor girl," said Lord Hardstock quickly.

"Why do you always call her 'poor girl!'" asked Daphne. "That sort of person scarcely expects dissipation, does she?"

"I don't think you quite understand Miss Baillie's position here," remarked Constance gently. "She gives her services in exchange for a home with me. I pay her nothing."

"Oh, I see," said Daphne, stifling a yawn behind her fan, "she is a sort of non-salaried dependent." And as she spoke the words the door opened to admit Eva and her governess.

Whatever else Miss Baillie was, she was undoubtedly a magnificent actress, for although every one of the slighting words, spoken in Daphne's most insolent manner, had fallen distinctly upon her ears, she did not give the faintest evidence that she understood their import, but without a word her face crossed the floor to where Mrs. Armitage sat.

"Eva and I are going out for half an hour, now that it is cooler. Can I do anything for you?"

Constance answered in the negative. And when they were gone and Eva's merry voice could be heard prattling in the hall, Daphne broke into an amused laugh.

"What a joke," she said, and curled herself up on a sofa, well pleased that she had inflicted a sting on the girl she disliked.

"My dear Daphne, do you forget the golden rule?"

"Is it a riddle! Oh yes, I know. Why are two girls kissing each other fulfilling the golden rule? Because they are doing to each other as they would that men should do unto them.

"You are perfectly incorrigible." But despite herself Constance was forced to laugh.

"Why are you different to all the rest of us?" asked Daphne by and by, when Lord Hardstock, finding that he was not going to be invited to dinner, had taken his hat and made his adieux.

"Am I?"

"Yes. Your very name has a frigid sound about it. You never could have been 'Con' or 'Conny'—only Constance."

"Do you find me then so unlovable?"

"Not that—not in the least—but a little wee bit unapproachable. I never know what your real thoughts and feelings are. You keep them all bottled up, and you always talk in such a proper way that you make me feel like a naughty child, only just let off a whipping. I love you, and I am more than half afraid of you. It must be dreadful to have a character to keep up. Don't you long to do something desperate sometimes?"

"No, most certainly I don't. Neither will you when you grow older. You are such a baby, Daphne—time will cure you of your follies."

"Will it? I think I would rather remain as I am. Do you think me pretty, Constance?"

She looked more than pretty at that moment with the wild rose color in her face coming and going, and the big eyes luminous and glowing like stars.

"Yes, you are very pretty," answered Constance. But she sighed as she spoke, for she recalled her brother-in-law's words, and trembled for what the future might hold for the impulsive, emotional girl wife, who seemed to be absolutely incapable of understanding the responsible duties of her position. Herself in my other light than that of a lay figure to receive admiration and to be petted and praised.

CHAPTER XX.

Miss Baillie did not altogether enjoy her evening at the theater, although she sat by Lord Hardstock's side. There was a good deal of bitter mixed with the sweet, and Daphne's mocking words still rankled within her. Moreover, that young lady seemed bent on monopolizing every iota of attention, and to be jealous of any stray word that might be addressed to anyone but herself. She was bent on mischief, she naughty Daphne. Having arrived at the astonishing fact that Lord Hardstock was not engaged to Constance, she singled him out immediately as an admirer for herself. To do Daphne justice, she never poached on other people's preserves; very probably for the simple reason that she did not think it worth the trouble, and she looked on one of the male species who happened to be in love with another woman as a most insufferable nuisance and too uninteresting upon which to waste her charms.

To-night her eyes sparkled merrily and her lovely little face was alive with fun and coquetry.

"You are better off than most of your sex here Miss Baillie," she said naively, "for Miss Baillie and I are by far the best-looking women in the theater, and you have us both all to yourself."

"A little pig in clover," whispered Emily into Lord Hardstock's other ear; and although it was said in pure jest the speech grated on him. He disliked anything approaching slang, and Emily, it must be confessed, was inclined to be a little coarse sometimes.

Under cover of the music Daphne made a small confession. "Do you know," she said archly, "that I actually fancied you were fond of my sister-in-law?"

"So I am. I admire Mrs. Armitage immensely."

"Ah! but I thought you were in love with her. Wasn't it absurd of me! I do get the oddest notions into my head sometimes."

"And how did you find out your mistake?"

"Constance enlightened me. She was most indignant. You never had been and never would be her lover, she said."

"Very probably. No doubt her choice lies elsewhere. I always believed that she was attached to St. Quentin," he said, in a tone that had a flavor of bitterness about it. "Anyhow, he was frightfully gone over her."

It was Daphne's turn to feel uncomfortable.

"Oh, no!" she said, "you are quite mistaken. I am perfectly certain there is nothing between them."

"You ought to know, of course," said Lord Hardstock, caressing his mustache thoughtfully, "for they must have met pretty often at your house when Mrs. Armitage was in Paris."

This was a feeler, but Daphne swallowed the bait. "Perhaps," she remarked, coquettishly and with drooping eyelids, "perhaps he might have found other attractions there."

Lord Hardstock could scarcely be blamed for embracing the golden opportunity thus presented to him and assuring the silly little woman that had he been in St. Quentin's place he should have had eyes for no one but her.

And Daphne believed every word he said. She gave vent to a little sigh that meant a good deal, and she leaned back in her chair with a pleased expression on her face—a little embarrassed perhaps, but a great deal gratified. All this was not, as may be well imagined, very entertaining for a third party. The piece was stupid, there was no one in the house worth looking at, and that atrocious little flirt, Mrs. Gerald Armitage, was endeavoring to lure her lover into whispered confidences. Miss Baillie's patience was quickly exhausted.

"I feel quite faint," she murmured languidly. "The heat is most oppressive."

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"Very probably. No doubt her choice lies elsewhere. I always believed that she was attached to St. Quentin," he said, in a tone that herself the while, overjoyed at the prospect before her, and I am afraid that nobody tried to alter her determination, but on the contrary they congratulated themselves that there would now be some chance of a little peace and quiet.

When Daphne came downstairs in an exquisite walking costume, and wearing her latest purchase, a hat of somewhat pronounced shape, Constance looked up in surprise.

"My dear," she said, "surely you are not thinking of going to Clarges street now? I intend drive you there later on."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," she said with a pretence of indifference. "I may just as well have a hansom and start at once. You see I shall have to unpack, and it is more than likely that Mrs. Strangways may have guests to night."

Constance said no more, but kissed the pretty face and stood with Eva at her side, watching the hansom drive away. The luggage had some time before been fetched by Dyne in a four-wheeler.

Daphne bowed and smiled—her face radiant and dimpled. So slight a thing pleased her, such a trifle reduced her to tears and smiles. It is an open question after all whether temperaments such as hers do not get the best of life this matter-of-fact world of ours.

After she had gone Constance took her little daughter on her lap and instructed her in some of the intricacies of needlework.

"Mamma," said Eva suddenly, "do you love Auntie Daphne?"

"Very much. She is a pretty lady, Eva, is she not?"

"It is better to be good than pretty," answered the child, drawing herself up with a superior air.

"Yes, it certainly is. But Aunt Daphne is both."

"Perhaps," said Eva, looking extremely doubtful. "I am glad I am not her little girl," she continued gravely.

Miss Baillie was in her room and they spent a cosy afternoon together. Eva had beguiled her mother into singing nursery rhymes, and they were busily engaged with—

"I've a little black dolly called Topsy
And she doesn't like sleeping alone!"

when the door opened and Mrs. Strangways entered.

"Where in the world is Mrs. Gerald?" she asked.

"Is she not with you?" said Constance, looking frightened. "She left here at three o'clock."

"And it is now six. Well, I can't wait. I promised to look in at Lady Fitz-Hughs' this afternoon and as Daphne had not arrived I thought I would pick her up and take her there with me."

"It is very strange," said Constance. "Surely nothing has happened to her, Rebecca?"

"What should happen to her in broad daylight? You always speak of your sister-in-law as if she were a perfect baby."

"And in truth she is little more," said Constance, becoming very anxious. And after her sister had departed she put on her bonnet and had herself driven to Clarges street.

Mrs. Gerald had not yet arrived, so Constance sat down to wait with what patience she could muster. At a quarter to seven Mrs. Strangways returned, still no Daphne. At last a hansom drove up at a sharp trot, and a minute later Daphne's voice could be heard on the stairs.

"Am I late? Oh, Mrs. Strangways, do forgive me." She paused amazed to find Constance there, and looked very uncomfortable.

"Where have you been?" asked Constance, almost on the verge of tears. She had really been very uneasy and was not then a little relieved to find that nothing had happened to her sister-in-law.

Daphne's face quickly assumed a defiant aspect. "I have been shopping," she said. "There were several things I wanted. You couldn't hurry one so, Constance. I could spend hours in looking in at the windows and turning over the pretty things on the counters. It is such absurdity to pretend that one is obliged to buy everything one looks at. What are the men behind the counters for except to wait on people?" She rattled on, evidently with a wish to gain time.

"And where did you get" asked Mrs. Strangways, looking upon her sister's distress as ridiculous and as Daphne had not arrived I thought I would pick her up and take her there with me."

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I crossed over to look at some dear little brooches in a window opposite. A tall and fine, and, oh! such a handsome man, Constance—I believe he was a duke at least—touched me on the arm. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'you have dropped your handkerchief.' Of course I thanked him, and was going to put it in my pocket when I saw that it was not mine at all—mine are not at all initialled, you know. Funny, wasn't it? But we were good friends after that."

Constance glanced at her sister. Mrs. Strangways' face was set after the method common to her when vexed. "Surely you did not allow a stranger to enter into conversation with you, Daphne? You must have known it was most improper."

"But he was quite a gentleman."

"He would most certainly not imagine that you were a lady."

"I am sure he liked me very much. You are always so cross, Constance; everything I do is wrong."

"Have you spent all these hours with this man then?" put in Rebecca sternly.

"Oh, no; we walked down Piccadilly, and he wanted me to have some lunch—I forget where—but I wasn't hungry, so I asked him to call a hansom. Oh, Constance! I have not seen such a handsome man since I have been in London."

"Did he hear you tell the man where to drive?" asked Constance miserably.

"I don't know—yes, he must have done, for I asked him what the fare was to Clarges street before I got in, and the dishonest cabman insisted on having two shillings, though he had mistaken the address and driven me

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somewhere out of Holborn, and then just as I got down, feeling sure that it was not the right street, who should I see but Lord Hardstock. Was it not fortunate? I told him all my troubles, and he took me somewhere and gave me a cup of tea and at last I found my way here. Quite a chapter of accidents, wasn't it? But I think I managed to get out of them very well."

Constance rose to her feet with what was for her quite a tragic air. "My dear Daphne," she said, more coldly than that young lady had ever heard her speak, "I shall send you back to Gerald. I simply dare not take the responsibility of you any longer."

"Now what have I done?" asked Daphne, falling back on her old cry. "I could not prevent the man speaking to me, and it was not my fault that the cabman drove me wrong. I always get blamed for everything."

Constance could have laughed only that she felt too heart-sick. She did not believe that her sister-in-law was the innocent, unsophisticated creature she pretended to be. However quietly she may have been brought up in India, at all events she has lived in Europe long enough to know that ladies do not make acquaintance with men they chance to meet in the streets," she told herself. There was a good deal of method in Daphne's madness and recklessness. It was not for nothing that she had donned her finest gown and sported her new hat. "Oh, my poor Gerald," she thought, "I much fear that you will have all your work cut out for you."

(To be Continued.)

An Immoral Providence.

I was attracted to Pinkey by his great livelyness and the fact that he wore a portion of the uniform of a district messenger boy. "It may be," I thought, "that all messenger boys are not born tired, but that this is a condition affected by them only when on duty." Pinkey, I concluded, was not on duty; he was uniformed only as to trousers, and he was, as I have said, most agreeably vivacious and alert.

I first saw him emerging from a basement coffee-shop, from which, as he passed a table near the door, he acquired an extra doughnut, with great skill and neatness. On the sidewalk, he met an uniformed companion.

"Hullo, Stubby."

"Hullo, Pinkey."

They were passing each other with this when Pinkey produced the doughnut and grinned. Stubby looked at it, then at the coffee-shop and then he grinned.

"Give us a piece."

Pinkey broke the cake and was passing half to Stubby, when he hesitated and asked:

"Got a cigarette?"

"Naw."

"You're a liar!"

Then Stubby grinned, produced a package, gave Pinkey a cigarette, took half the doughnut, and departed slowly.

Pinkey lighted up and started rapidly down the street, but stopped suddenly in front of a hand-organ, on which was seated a little, shivering, pink-nosed, white poodle, holding a tiny basket in its mouth. Pinkey made a motion of depositing money in the basket, and the shivering poodle made a motion of thanking his hand. It was the poodle's one poor little trick, and it amused Pinkey enormously; he made the dog do it over and over again to the tune of the organ-grinder.

"Go away, you leetle-a hoodlum-a!"

Then Pinkey was in a rage. He glared at the organist, with eyes contracted and chin extended, and said, in a low, threatening growl:

"Say, you call me a hoodlum agin, and I'll take a fall out of you!"

The Italian—who was a big, muscular fellow, with two sound legs tucked under him, and two wooden stumps strapped to his knees sticking out in front of him—looked ready to spring to his feet and demolish Pinkey.

"Say, I'm on to you, young feliy. If youse jump me, de cop will see yer wood legs is fakes, and run you off de beat. See?"

Pinkey grinned after saying this, and made the poodle kiss his hands again, and then discovered that it was ravenously interested in the greasy doughnut Pinkey still carried.

"Oh, de pup's hungry; let's feed him," and he took the basket and began feeding the famished poodle, while the Italian nearly had a fit from rage.

"Well, so long, young feliy!" exclaimed Pinkey, when he had fed the poodle; "I'll be along to morrow, an' if youse have whaled de pup for eating de sinker I'll put de cop on to yer fake legs."

Pinkey replaced the basket in the poodle's mouth, patted its head, grinned at the organist, shook his fist at him, and started down the street at a sprinting pace. I hurried after him from the show window I had been pretending to examine, but his pace was such that I surely would have lost him had he not come into violent collision with a youngster about his size, who was superintending the progress of a mechanical toy across the sidewalk.

"Who you running into, kid?" exclaimed the toy vendor, picking up his sample toy—a yellow ostrich, driven by a green man in a red cart—and placing it by the side of his stock of goods, on the edge of the sidewalk. Pinkey really had the wind knocked out of him by the collision, and could not reply at once. He was rubbing his hands in front of him—I had seen that trick before, and suspected what was to follow—and grinning, as he slowly approached the unsuspecting toy boy. Without a word or sign of warning Pinkey's right flew out and his fist landed hard and flush on the mouth of the amazed vendor.

There was a short but very lively rally at close quarters, in which Pinkey was getting all the best of it (belonging to the leisure class, he had more time for the practice of the manly art of attack), when the gathered crowd was parted by the slow and dignified entrance into the ring of a policeman.

"Stop that!" exclaimed the officer.

The boys' arms fell to their sides.

"What's all this about?"

The toy vendor really did not seem to know what it was all about and was silent, but Pinkey explained without a second's hesitation:

"Why, Officer Mullin, dis kid was blocking up de whole sidewalk wid his tin toys, an' a lady nearly fell over one an' broke her leg, an' says to him, 'Let de lady pass; does de whole sidewalk belong to yuse?' An' he says he pays de cop—de officer, I mean—for not running him in, an' knowing you, Mr. Mullin, I says he lies, and he tries to jump me an'——"

The crowd giggled and the officer scowled.

"Pinkey," he said, "you are a little liar. Go on about your business, or I'll run you in for fighting; and you"—to the other boys, "keep your toys off the sidewalk, or I'll run you in." Then the officer moved off, slowly, and still with dignity. While Pinkey was weaving his little romance, every eye was fixed on his eloquent lips; every one's eyes except mine. I had discovered a peculiar motion of Pinkey's feet. The tin ostrich and driver were being skilfully drawn apart from the stock of toys, and, when the officer moved off, the toy was between Pinkey's shoes.

As the officer disappeared Pinkey dropped his soft hat, with which he had been pretending to wipe his eyes, and, stepping back as he did so, the hat fell over the toy. When he picked it up and resumed his dabs at his dry eyes, I knew the toy was safely his, and wickedly rejoiced.

Then Pinkey darted off again, and I would have had great difficulty in following him had he not stopped every time he came to a toy-seller—the street was lined with them—to inquire if they were suffering for a fight, to blackguard them, and sometimes to snatch off their caps to shy them under the wheels of passing vehicles. Suddenly we came upon a toy-seller surrounded by a group of smiling people. Pinkey edged in, and I followed. The prettiest child you ever saw, a girl four or five years old, was crowing and laughing in mad delight over a strutting tin ostrich drawing the accustomed green man and red cart. Her joy was so hilarious, a crowd of smiling people had stopped to share it.

"Oh, mamma, I want it!" she exclaimed, at last, and she grabbed up the toy and hugged it to her bosom in an ecstasy of happiness. A woman, very poorly, but carefully, dressed, answered in a low voice, in which there was sadness: "Come, Dorothy, mamma won't buy you any more other things."

"But, mamma, I love it; please dive it to De'thy."

The woman took from a very small purse a dime, and offered it to the vendor.

"Now, Dorothy—this is two bits," the boy said with scorn.

The woman replaced the coin, flushed slightly, and taking the child's hand said, "Come, Dorothy, put down the toy. We'll buy something else, pretty."

Dorothy's eyes filled and her lips trembled. "Nothing else is so boeful," she said, and putting down the toy, walked away with her mother, choking, but determined not to make a scene.

Pinkey and I followed them. It was several blocks before they turned into a quieter side street and then Pinkey overtook them. "Here, little girl, dis is for youse," said Pinkey, producing the toy he had sequestered. The child uttered a cry of delight and had the toy in her arms in an instant.

"I—I cannot buy it; I am sorry," the mother said.

"Tain't fer sale," replied Pinkey. "It's a Christmas present."

"You are a very kind boy," the lady said, smiling sweetly; "but my little girl must not take your toy.

The situation was becoming involved and set about with social complexities which were too intricate for Pinkey's primitive understanding. He looked a puzzled moment at the woman, grinned very good-naturedly at the child, and then with a startling suddenness turned and ran as if for his life. I lost him then, for he turned like a rabbit at the first corner. Having devoted three-quarters of an hour in a profitless but pleasing study of Pinkey, I found myself just that much late for an engagement at my club and hurried there, making no proper excuse as I went. Just as I reached the street entrance, I was overtaken by the man my engagement was with, who said: "You got my note, then?"

"Your no'e?"

"I sent one here an hour ago saying I should be detained. Heavens! what a racket!"

Down the street surged a mob of men and boys of all conditions, surrounding two fighting dogs. Some of the people were laughing, and over all the other noises came his voice:

"Leave 'em alone, I say! de're even match, even weight. Let 'em fight!"

A policeman interrupted, and as a preliminary means of securing peace, aimed a kick at Pinkey. He avoided the kick neatly, so as to let it land on an Italian's organ, smashed my hat, and ran

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The Late W. H. Huston.

It is a matter for regret that the death of a schoolmaster can so seldom make thousands of young men sad, but the late Mr. Huston, who died last week at Woodstock, was one of those rare schoolmasters who really win the hearts of their pupils, and there are thousands of young men in all parts of Canada and the United States who will recall with sorrow for his untimely death, his warm hand shake, his cheery, upright philosophy and the magnetism of his personality. One feels that the world can hardly afford to lose Mr. Huston. Not a boy who studied under him but he influenced for the good, and though he was the strictest disciplinarian that the writer ever experienced, I hardly think a pupil of his did not really love the man. With a fund of delightful humor he could make the driest subject interesting. A class on rules of syntax with Huston was more enjoyed than a class on a most attractive and interesting subject with any other master. Syntax under his tuition acquired attractive and interesting phases before unknown, but it was as a teacher of literature that he shone most. The breadth and depth of his scholarship enabled him to place the salient points of whatever piece of literature might be under study, before his pupils. For the benefit of the boys, too, he would compare and summarize the piece with other literature, ancient and modern, and his tastes in modern literature were especially wide and comprehensive. One of his favorites among American story writers was Bret Harte, and that first and best volume of the California author, which is known as The Luck of Roaring Camp, was often brought forth on Friday afternoon's recreation hour. He had one very excellent method of teaching trenchant and apt composition, which contrasts nobly with the method especially taught to boarding school girls of encouraging the use of affected, grandiloquent and superabundant phrases. He would read aloud such a story as the Outcasts of Porker Flat or Tennessee's Pardner and instruct his class to write the story out in one hundred or one hundred and ten words. He, too, initiated the boys of the Collegiate Institute to the mysteries of Walt Whitman and to give us an insight into Whitman's peculiarities, we were instructed to parse and analyze some of his poetry. When Mr. Huston punished he was never guilty of halfmeasures. If a class of boys before coming under his control had acquired certain habits liable to seriously affect its general good order, he would spare no means to root them out, but he did not punish for trivial offences, and he would often correct with a couple of words of keen wit that were much more effective than a lengthy rebuke. A lady has spoken of him to me as "a blameless man," and it was in their consciousness of this fact, rather than any great things that he said, that his large and good influence over all who came in contact with him rested.

In his off-hours, Mr. Huston was as attractive as when in his class-room. He was a good football player, and while he was principal of the Pickering Quaker College he met with an accident during a game, which prevented his active participation in athletics thereafter. While he was English master at the Toronto Collegiate Institute, he was ever willing to act as referee in intercollegiate matches, and his decisions were always accurate. He had many merry reminiscences and stories to relate, although he was but a young man in the prime of life when he died. When he left Toronto in 1888 and went to assume the principalship of Woodstock Baptist College, where he died in harness, he took hold of a school that was largely disorganized, as he had done before at Pickering; and he speedily brought both into good shape. One sure method he had for detecting disorderly and night-wandering boarders. He would go the rounds of the dormitories and feel the lamp chimneys, and when he touched a warm one he found a culprit. One remark of his to a class illustrates the attractiveness of his address. Speaking of the poetry of things he said: "When I was a boy and had to go off for the cows in the early morning, I didn't like the dew at all. It was a nuisance, and made my bare feet wet and cold. But now, when I no longer have to run through grass in my bare feet, I can appreciate the poetry and beauty of the dew-drop."

William H. Huston was a Christian gentleman, cultured, noble and strong, with a great, generous heart, and a big, loose-jointed frame, and it is difficult to realize that those eyes of his that could laugh more than another man's whole face, are closed forever. Would that there were more men, more schoolmasters like him. It is impossible to estimate what good he might have done had he lived on for another term of years, as long as that allotted him and reached three-score years and ten. Therefore I say that the world can ill afford to lose W. H. Huston. TOUCHSTONE.

Whatever may happen to thee, it was prepared for thee from all eternity; and the implication of causes was from eternity spinning the thread of thy being, and of that which is incident to it.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Our opinions are not our own, but in the power of sympathy. If a person tells us a palpable falsehood, we not only dare not contradict him, but we dare hardly disbelieve him to his face. A lie boldly uttered has the effect of truth for the instant.—*Hazlitt.*

The Drama.

NOWADAYS Gus Williams is the best German comedian that goes through here, because he trusts to his face and his acting for everything. He doesn't trip as he comes in the door and try to hang up his hat where there is no nail; nor does he smoke a great German pipe, but in defiance of all the traditions of German comedy represents himself as a man who can't smoke. He doesn't keep a red handkerchief in his hat, and does not even sit down on an imaginary chair and smite the floor with a resonant thump. He does nothing that his school of comedians have been expected to do at every appearance for the last twenty-five years. He makes up for it by his droll humor—makes up for it a dozen times over. In Keppler's Fortune he has a part that affords him every opportunity for display, the other characters being merely subsidiary to him, and not requiring mention. Lillian Harper as Addie Keppler danced nicely, and Stuart Brodock made the most of Penrose Allison. Walter M. Hodges played David Crane, who died in a far country in the last act and whom I would not have cried over had he died a good deal sooner. All through the play I had a morbid longing to see Dune Nelson, who loves a lively fight, get at him with four ounce gloves and knock the kink out of his neck and make him look at the audience for once if he had to hold him over the footlights by the collar. Dunc did not get a chance at him or he would have done it, too. He is a relic of the old New York Volunteer Fire Brigade, one of the Bowery boys, and was a good-hearted rowdy whom the gallery could not help admiring. Gus Williams sang several songs, and was repeatedly *encored.* He sings well, but again his face does the most of it.

*

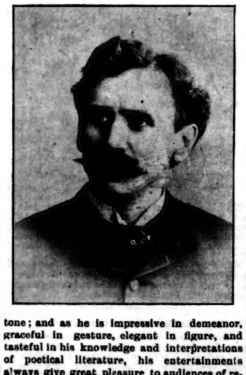
The musical man goes to the theater and gets a good seat. His object being to be seen rather than to see, he generally insists upon a seat next the aisle. When the orchestra commences to play he starts to perform. If the selection is old he frowns. If it is new he bends forward eagerly, as though he could drink in music like Blind Tom and play it over when he reaches home. He notices a break made by the second violin and turns toward him fiercely, but at once reverts attention to the snare drummer, who is shaking shot in a bottle and whose last charge somewhat scattered. Then he takes a programme, rolls it up into a wand and imitates the conductor. Wishing to vary his proceedings he drops his wand, but keeps time with his right foot, and then he sets his left one dancing to show that he is musical every bit and has not a Methodist leg about him. He puts his hand to the side of his head, spreads out his fingers and thrums his skull like the keyboard of a piano, occasionally darting one finger to the back of his head in pursuit of a high note, and then his fingers slip gently down the back of his neck as the tune dies away and is lost on the corduroy road of his spine. Quiet restored, he suddenly wheels around in his seat and looks anxiously at the door as though a long lost brother was billed to enter there at that identical second. Not seeing him he turns about and his eyes slowly wander back in search of the admiring crowd that had been enthralled by his performance. He is a most interesting specimen, but he only comes out to the theater occasionally. He would draw a full house if he were announced as an attraction. MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

For the week of February 15 the Academy has booked two stars of the legitimate drama, R. D. Maclean and Marie Prescott. Their repertoire includes Spartacus, Othello, (with Miss Prescott as Iago) Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar and other famous plays.

Next week at the Grand the farce-comedy Jane will appear. It is said to be the cleverest of them all. The company is lead by Miss Johnstone Bennett and is managed by Chas. Frohman, proprietor of All The Comforts of Home and Mr. Wilkinson's Widows, two comedies of which Jane is said to be the superior.

Mr. Charles Roberts, the distinguished reader of New York, who is to appear here with Miss Jessie Alexander on February 9, has long been acknowledged as a peer in the elocutionary profession of this continent. Of a recent reading in his own city the following tribute from the *New York Tribune* is significant: "Mr. Roberts has a most melodious voice, strong, rich, resonant, sympathetic and capable of sounding the most delicate notes, and breathing forth an almost overwhelming volume of



tone; and as he is impressive in demeanor, graceful in gesture, elegant in figure, and tasteful in his knowledge and interpretations of poetical literature, his entertainments always give great pleasure to audiences of refined cultivation. The reading, on the present occasion, was especially notable for its dramatic attributes. Mr. Roberts has steadily advanced along this line of development, until now, after about twelve years of constant study and experience, he is an uncommonly efficient actor in embodying character. At the recital on Tuesday next Mr. Roberts will give his original arrangement of Owen Meredith's Aux Italiens with orchestral accompaniment, and with Miss Alexander will appear in two scenes from standard plays. Altogether this promises to be the elocutionary event of the season. The plan is now open at Nordheimer's.

When Mr. Gilbert formed his partnership with Sullivan, he was already known as a writer of plays, though he was considered rather as a witty and deft rhymester than as a playwright. But if success be a test of dramatic skill, the author of Pygmalion and Galatea must rank high among dramatists. There are lines in that piece which are as bright as anything that scribe ever penned. Take Galatea's awakening to life:

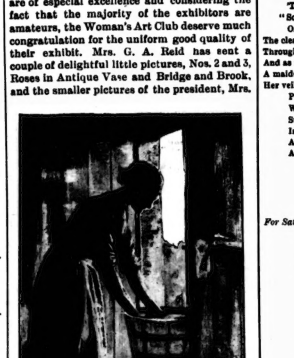
Galatea— Am a woman?
Pygmalion— Yes.
Galatea— Art thou a woman?
Pygmalion— No, I am a man.
Galatea— What is a man?
Pygmalion— A being strongly framed,
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert—
To fight and die for her, that she may live.
Galatea— I'm glad that I'm a woman.
Pygmalion— So am I.....
Galatea— So I'm a woman!
Pygmalion— There's no doubt of that.
Galatea— Oh! happy maid, to be so passing fair,
And happier still Pygmalion, who can gaze
At will upon so beautiful a face!
Pygmalion—Hush, Galatea! in thine innocence
Thou sayest things that others would reprove.
Galatea— Indeed, Pygmalion! Then is it wrong
To think that one is exquisitely fair?
Pygmalion—Well, Galatea, it is a sentiment
Which every woman shares with thee,
They think it, but they keep it to themselves.
Galatea— And is thy wife as beautiful as I?
Pygmalion—No, Galatea, for in forming thee
I took her features—lovely in themselves—
And in the mantle made them lovelier still.
Galatea— Oh, then, I'm not original!

The literary grace and finish of these lines are as neat as anything we have in the light literature of the modern drama.

There is considerable news of fresh plays which are positively to get before the public. When John Drew goes from Daly to Frohman he will simply cross over Broadway to Palmer's and the comedy in which he is to appear there on October 1 is being written by Bisson and Carre, the French playwrights. In making an Americanized version of L'Amoureuse, the French piece to succeed Nancy and Company, Augustin Daly has adopted the novel and promising plan of having four translations made by four men, and his own version will embody the best points in these transfers, with plenty of original additions by his own pen. Owing to the disbandment of the De Wolf Hopper opera company at the end of the winter season, the production of an opera written for him by J. Cheever Goodwin will be deferred, and Goodwin has signed a contract to write a piece for Francis Wilson. Husband and Wife, a farcical comedy of domestic intrigue, by two English authors (one of whom wrote As In a Looking Glass), will be introduced to America next season by Managers Sinn and French, who combine on this venture, which will have Cora Tanner as its chief actress. A Sims-Buchanan melodrama, The Trumpet Call, will be acted at the big Boston Theater week after next. Marie Madison has rewritten The Dear Little Shamrock, which is likely to be heard in its new form before long, and has completed a new drama, Circumstantial Evidence. Martha Morton has a commission for a new play for the Pitou Company, and it is nearly finished. Kate Claxton has added to her repertory within the past ten days Blackberry Farm, by Clay M. Greene. Miss Claxton impersonates a country widow whose hand is sought by three suitors. A murder, a mistaken accusation, a false imprisonment, and a final righting of all the wrongs make up the plot. Katie Putnam has tried in the far West a melodrama called An Unclaimed Express Package, by C. Wallace Walters, who wrote Keppler's Fortune. The Last Straw, which has been acted by the Pitou company, is not new, being only a new version of L'Article 23rd. The adapter is Frederick Horner of London, and the English flavor in the text is obvious. Nevertheless, the comedy, which hinges on the trivial domestic misunderstanding of a young married couple, seems to have gained considerable favor in the West. On last Friday night Helen Blythe, once of Daly's, began a tour with a brand new play, The Wide, Wide World. The Honorable Herbert, by C. Hadden Chambers, has reached Manager Daniel Frohman in manuscript. In London it caused diverse critical comment. The Princess of Erie, by Henry Guy Carleton, will be acted at the Boston Museum in a few weeks. Margaret Mather has discarded Joan of Arc for the remaining weeks of the season, and is devoting many hours of rehearsal to The Egyptian, which, though promised as a new play, is only another version of The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Victor Hugo's spirited story. An earlier form of it, Quasimodo, was popular with male stars several decades ago. Rosina Vokes has bought a short play called Maid Marian, by Mollie Elliott Seawell. The story first appeared in a magazine, and was then dramatized by its authoress. Miss Seawell is not entirely a discovery of Miss Vokes's. A play from her pen was performed in Washington a season or two ago, and it was not brilliantly successful. A real novice in play writing is young Lorimer Stoddard, son of Richard Henry Stoddard, poet and critic of poets. Young Stoddard became an actor four or five years ago, and now he is in good demand as an impersonator of boys. Last week the Pitou company produced a one act play, Her First Love, by Stoddard. It is about a handsome man who barters his heart for gold. Harry Hine has purchased a new comedy, which is not at all farcical, and will engage a company for a test in a New York theater. Charles Frohman has acquired the American rights in Gloriana, a lively comic play which has won success at the London Globe. Richard Mansfield, while preparing to make Emma V. Sheridan's dramatization of Ten Thousand a Year, has changed the title of Don Juan to The Weather Vane, to permit minors to see the piece without knowingly compromising themselves. In Miss Sheridan's play the actress-playwright herself will not appear. A Night Off, the Daly version of a Von Schonthau farce, is soon to be used in provincial England by a traveling company.

Art and Artists.

THIS week the Woman's Art Club have been holding a very successful exhibition in their new quarters in the Canada Life Building. The exhibit is large and shows a steady improvement on the last exhibition. Some of the smaller pieces are of especial excellence and considering the fact that the majority of the exhibitors are amateurs, the Woman's Art Club deserve much congratulation for the uniform good quality of their exhibit. Mrs. G. A. Reid has sent a couple of delightful little pictures, Nos. 2 and 3, Roses in Antique Vase and Bridge and Brook, and the smaller pictures of the president, Mrs.



Dignam, are some of them very pretty. They include Nos. 8 and 12, A Hillside Road and Passing Clouds. A Meadow Stream, No. 13, by Miss McConnell, is a good little picture; Miss Ida Edwards has a clever study of Lemons, No. 11; Miss M. Ansley Sullivan's Sunlight, No. 7, is cleverly handled; Chrysanthemums, No. 54, by Miss Helen Stennett, is well done, and Miss Boultbee's portrait in oil, No. 43, is of great excellence. I noticed

several flower studies in water colors of especial excellence. They included No. 39, Yellow Roses, by Miss E. M. Scott, No. 41, Pansies, by Miss Myra Spafford, and No. 47, Nasturtiums, by Miss Millicent Grayson Smith. Miss L. Greeme Ware shows exceptional skill in clay modeling. Her portrait bust of a child is a good likeness and well poised. Miss C. D. Osler exhibits a carved chest of great beauty of workmanship and some fair etchings. Others who have good work displayed are Miss Daisy Clark, Miss Lamont, Mrs. F. P. Campbell, Miss Drummond, the Misses Orr, Lennox, Denison, Bertram, Armstrong, Fisher, and Mrs. W. D. Gregory.

*

I heard a good story this week about two Canadian artists. Mr. James Graham of Montreal is a clever artist, but is of somewhat saturnine temperament, and it is particularly distressing to him when he is out after landscapes to have a semi-circle of yokels looking over his shoulders and asking him questions about things. One summer day he sallied forth into the country with Mr. Carl Ahrens of Toronto. The country was singularly free from natives that day, and the pair were not bothered much. But at last a yokel of liberal proportions and turnip breath took up his stand behind Ahrens and untiringly piled that inoffensive artist with foot questions. Mr. Ahrens stood it as long as he could. Then he attempted diplomacy. "Do you see that artist over there?" he remarked casually. "Well, he's one of the cleverest artists in Canada." And so proceeded to draw such glowing accounts of Mr. Graham as to awaken the liveliest interest of the countryman, and presently the latter started off to take up his stand at Mr. Graham's back. Mr. Ahrens waited with joyous anticipations to see the yokel incontinently fired. But all was quiet in Graham's direction, and in about a quarter of an hour the interested countryman came wandering back. Curiosity overcame Mr. Ahrens' impatience and he inquired:

"Well, did he call you a d——d fool?"

"No; didn't say a word all the time I was there."

"Didn't ask he would wipe you off the face of the earth?"

"No."

"Didn't say you were an inquisitive ass?

"No."

"Well, I'm going over to see Jim; there must be something the matter with him to day."

The countryman was puzzled, but he concluded to go away and unravel the mystery of Mr. Ahrens' words in solitude. CHAD.

An Eastern Idyl.

For Saturday Night.

I came to the temple,
I bow'd me there lowly,
As eve to the temple,
In soft twilight glow.
I prayed to Jehovah;
"Wilt thou make me holy,
Thy love would I feel,
Of thy wisdom I'd know!"
Whilst thus I was praying,
No idle thoughts straying,
An echo I heard like the voice of a dove;
Far above and alone,
Through the arches of stone,
On the arches of stone
It dwelt and it died.
"'Tis an angel I know,
'Tis an angel," I cried.
"Some spirit hath come
On a mission of love."
The clear silvery gleaming of moonlight came streaming,
Through the tall carven portal that stretched far above,
And as it fell o'er me I rose and before me
A maiden so fair scarce trembling stood there.
Her veiled face shone in light that was golden, not bright;
Purest pearl of great price!
Was there ever like this,
Such symmetry rare
In the temple of bliss!
And I cried "Who art thou? O woman divine,"
And the voice of the echo responded "I'm thine."

W. A. SHERWOOD.

Smoke Wreaths.

(From My Old Brier-Root)

For Saturday Night.

By the cosy fireside sitting,
While the smoke is wreathing round me,
Memory's golden chain has bound me
To the hours of long ago.
In the clouds that curl above me,
Faces float of those that love me;
Visions pass like phantoms flitting
Of the friends I used to know.

Welcome guests, I give you greeting,
Though your visit be as fleeting
As the smoke wreaths rising there;
Press around me in my dreaming,
Still be near though vain and seeming
Born to die in empty air.

Misty spirits, welcome ever,
Faithful friends that cannot sever
A communion sad yet sweet.
Still I'll view thy faces smiling,
Weary lonely hours beguiling

Fate's cold hand may yet bereave us,
Of our dearest; hope deceive us;
Fortune slight us, friends forget.
These shall ever round us clinging,
Be kind angels comfort bringing,
Till our little sun shall set. W. H.

Little Giffen of Tennessee.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital-ward as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!)
Specire such as we seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

"Take him—and welcome," the surgeon said;
"Much your doctor can help the dead!"
And so we took him and brought him where
The balm was wrest on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Uiter Lazarus, heel to head!

Weary war with the baited breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
Still a glint in the steel blue eye
Spoke of the spirit that would not die.

And didn't! nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then,
"Dear captain"—inquiring about "the men."
Captain's answer—"Of eighty and five
Giffen and I are left alive!"

"Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"
Little Giffen was up and away,
A tear—his first—as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye;
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of a fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write!

I sometimes fancy that were I King
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffen, of Tennessee!

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR.

Paderewski.

I was not greatly moved by any skill,
But only heard the music rise and fall
In perfect rhythm, till softly over all
A wavering dream-pause swept; so light and still
The changing measure grew, it seemed to fill
Each darkened corner of that perfect room
With perfume of the white acacia bloom;
While thought, unloosed, strayed as its wanton will
A shadow on the threshold fell; a face
Remembered long, gleamed at the open door,
And noiselessly across the polished floor
She glided to the old accustomed place.
I felt a tender breath, and then, ah, then,
I wept, and bade him play the theme again!

EDNA A. FOSTER.

Waiting.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The flowers nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGH

Between You and Me.

THE postman brought me a trans-Atlantic journal one day lately, from the land of the kangaroo, and as I looked inquisitively over its columns, and noticed the strange looking names and peculiar advertisements, I came to a dead halt at the following:

DISENGAGED.

THE marriage arranged between Miss May Gartner and Mr. J. A. Robertson will now NOT take place.

I had a stare and a hearty laugh at it, especially at the last emphatic use of Roman capitals. What blood must have been on the moon, as the furious suitor, or the spiteful rival, or the cruel parent penned those speaking lines!—Ow-wow! Poor Miss May Gartner! I can't help pitying her, for she is the one to be condoled with, if only for the disagreeable connection in which she figures in this advertising column of the Australian society paper. Was she too naughty or too nice for Mr. J. A. Robertson? or was it only the flash of spite from a fiery quarrel which sent this awful announcement into the papers? and will they patch it up, and do it overagain, with the NOT left out, and will the neighbors laugh?

I make no apology for clipping this paragraph for it seems to me perfect in conception and sentiment: "A golden wedding recently celebrated was unique in that all the descendants of the bride and groom of fifty years ago were alive and present, and the occasion was that also of the marriage of a favorite granddaughter, who was named for her grandmother, and strikingly resembled a fine portrait of her ancestress painted when she was the same age as the young bride. The celebration was at the home of the oldest daughter, and the youthful bride was her youngest child; and there were present only relatives and very dear friends, including a lady and gentleman who 'stood up' with the elder couple. The decorations were white and gold chrysanthemums, yellow roses, and white hyacinths, the chrysanthemums formed into garlands tied at intervals by gold-colored ribbon, which were held by eight grandchildren, four boys and four girls, and formed an aisle down the parlors through which the unique bridal party passed to an improvised altar formed entirely of yellow and white chrysanthemums. Three great-grandchildren led the procession, first a boy, in a page's dress of white and gold satin and carrying a golden crook, then two tiny maidens in quaint, short-waisted, long-skirted gowns of yellow India silk, with wreaths of white roses on their golden heads, then the grandmother in gold and white brocade, supported by the young groom, and lastly the young bride, in pure white, with her grandfather. When they reached the altar the grandparents joined the hands of the young people, and then stood at the right of them, with their great grandchildren, during the ceremony, the parents of the bride and groom standing at their left. Both couples stood under interwined hearts of white and gold chrysanthemums to receive the loving congratulations that followed, and it was a difficult question to decide which was the more lovely, the white-haired matron or the golden-haired young bride."

A correspondent thanks me for the idea of the Rhymsters Game, and says she wants some more ideas for smart people's amusement at her house. Well, my dear Psyche, have a riddle party; the cards are prepared with as many lines as guests, and both are numbered. Each guest must contribute a riddle either original or not well known. Such can be found in numbers in old magazines. The guests in turn state their riddles, and after five minutes have been allowed for stating and guessing, (less if the party be large) the cards with whatever answers are supposed correct written on them are handed in, counted, corrected and the prizes distributed. The prizes are often books, but may be anything within the means of the hostess. At a very lovely riddle party the gentleman's prize was a fine copy of Stockton's Lady or the Tiger? and the lady's an equally fine one of What Shall He Do With It? while the boobies rejoiced in linen books of child-lore and A B C's. Sometimes the booby penalty is in the form of a forfeit, and the booby must sing, read, recite or tell a story. It is often discovered by this graceful arrangement that a booby at guessing is not necessarily devoid of other and superior gifts.

St. Valentine's Day is coming and as the foolish body is not yet extinct on the earth, valentines will be bought and sent. But to those who want something novel and acceptable to send to some pretty and well loved woman, I suggest the Cupid Almanac. It is made of twelve heart-shaped cards, hand-painted with suggestive decorations for each month. A tiny calendar (which may be cut from any almanac) is pasted in the center of each card, and the edges are gilded. A hole is punched near the top of each half heart and a two inch wide ribbon of any delicate shade drawn through and tied in a soft bow knot. A small ring is sown on the ribbon behind the bow for hanging up by, and the result is extremely pretty. A suitable quotation, daintily inscribed on each page, is also an ornament.

"Well, Queen Victoria smokes and smokes awful hard," said a small newsboy the other day, in answer to a lecture from a zealous anti-smoker. The pious man indignantly demanded how he dared so libel the good lady. "Libel nothin'. Yere's the piece about it!" and he read from a scrap of printed paper: "Queen Victoria's Pipe, which has consumed more tobacco than the costers of London in the past twenty years, is to be abolished." "Now, then, don't she smoke? and she has a right to, if she likes," defiantly added the small boy, turning his cigarette in his lips. "Who's agoing to abolish her pipe? Ain't she the Queen?" It took some time to explain to the small voter-elect that the Queen's Pipe is that great furnace where the contraband tobacco seized by the customs officers is cremated. Only the refuse, though, for the good is given to convict prisons and lunatic asylums; the indifferent fumigates the public plant and green-houses. And the story that this furnace is to be abolished is not a fact, for it has turned out that the old furnace is worn out and is simply to be replaced by a new one.

The girls and I thought we had started the fashion mentioned below when we went with our camphaire to the Patti concert, but I don't think we can boast of the patience of our fair compatriots. Just read what they did in order to be the first to enter the pit of the Lyceum theater for the opening performance of Henry VIII: "I and a friend went with our camp stools and took our places next the door at ten o'clock in the morning. We were provided with a volume of *Harper's Magazine*, a sketch-book, writing-paper, and a fountain pen, caricatures of Henry Irving, and much patience. A newspaper spread under the feet, and a Japanese muff warmer, with sandwiches and a bottle of wine, kept us comfortable. Two ladies were the next comers, and shortly a crowd began to collect. Real amusing it was, but not very elegant. After about two hours Mr. Bram Stoker came and had a look at us, said the barrier should be put up, and cheered our hearts by telling us that tea would be served from the neighboring saloon (public house)." However did they put in those long ten hours? LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Archduchess Stephanie of Austria has published a profusely illustrated volume entitled Travels in the Tyrol.

George Kennan, the Russian and Siberian traveler, is one of the best telegraph operators in the country, using either hand equally well.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is said to be writing a new play, which will first be rehearsed in London, and then brought to this country.

George du Maurier's failing eyesight is given as the reason why he has ceased to contribute cartoons to *Punch*. He is said to be planning to enter the lecture field.

Rosa Bonheur is to give the world her pictorial idea of the last of the wild Indians of America. She made her studies from the Wild West Show while that combination was in Paris.

The staff of nurses at the Sarah Acland Home, Oxford, have presented to Mrs. Liddell, the wife of the retiring canon, a silver card-case in memory of her long connection with the home.

The Woman's Liberal Society of England, headed by Mrs. Gladstone, has a membership of about 100,000, and the Primrose League is even larger. The women of England take a keen and active interest in politics.

Annie R. Chittenden of Osceola, Iowa, has patented a road cart which is designed to support the weight of the occupants on the axle, relieving the animal of all strain and obviating the disagreeable jar frequently found in carts as now constructed.

Another marriage between an American girl and a Chinese is chronicled. The bride, Josephine Neely, is the niece of a Presbyterian clergyman, and the groom is a tea merchant, a naturalized American, and a Christian convert. His name is James D. Bruce.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler has a French art teacher at her country home in Virginia. It is her intention to divide her time equally between art and literary work, devoting six months of the year to her brush and six to her pen. She aspires especially to excel in portrait painting.

Mrs. Virginia Thompson, who has served as Postmistress of Louisville under five presidents, is a daughter of the Alexander Campbell who founded that faith variously known as the "Christian" or "Campbellite" church. Mrs. Thompson is a handsome woman, about fifty years of age.

Miss Alice Longfellow, the poet's eldest daughter, bears a marked resemblance to her father in eyes and in expression. With her uncle, she lives in the old homestead at Cambridge, Massachusetts. On either side of this are the homes of the poet's two married daughters—Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Thorpe.

An American girl, Amelia Louisa Groll of Cleveland, who is perhaps better known by her stage name of Rita Elandi, recently sang before Queen Victoria in Cavalleria Rusticana, and was rewarded by the gift of a diamond bracelet. Miss Groll has been a hard student, and has won success by steady effort.

Princess Dagmar of Denmark stood at the bedside of the dying Czarewitch of Russia, to whom she was shortly to have been married. The czarewitch placed her hand in that of his brother Alexander, who upon his death would become heir to the Russian throne, and betrothed them. Princess Dagmar is now Empress of Russia.

The Athens Life saving Society has decreed the presentation of the great golden medallion to Prince George of Greece for his bravery in saving the life of a young naval officer. The sail-boat of the latter was upset in the harbor of Athens, and the Prince went out alone in a little row-boat, and rescued the officer from his dangerous position on the bottom of his overturned craft.

Abbas Bey, the new Khedive of Egypt, will not come of age until July, when he will be eighteen years old. He has been thoroughly educated, and speaks English, French, and German. The last three years he has passed at the Oriental Academy in Vienna, but during the earlier part of his boyhood he went to Egyptian schools, where he mixed in a democratic way with boys of lower social rank.

President and Madame Carnot set aside six thousand dollars at Christmas time to be divided among three hundred newly made widows. Madame Carnot's offerings consisted of bundles of clothes, carefully selected with a view to the requirements of the families for whom they were intended; and to avoid loss of time, and also to guard against rousing the curiosity of the neighbors, the parcels were sent by express.

'Varsity Chat.

ANOTHER of our brilliant graduates has passed away, Mr. T. B. P. Stewart, B.A., LL.B. While traveling last summer in Switzerland he met with a slight accident and had to seek medical treatment. He recovered sufficiently to reach Toronto, but new complications set in, and the immediate causes of his death were an aneurism of the left hip joint complicated with a stroke of paralysis and heart disease. Mr. Stewart was of a quiet and retiring disposition, but was very popular among those who knew him. In the stirring Literary Society elections of 1886 he was elected first vice-president of the society. During his undergraduate days he visited Europe for a year, and on returning graduated in arts with the class of 1888. The students of his time frequently referred to him as "the poet," and his poetical writings were of such merit as to warrant the use of the title given him. After graduating in arts he took the new law course, and at the same time pursued his studies at Osgoode Hall for certificate of fitness as a solicitor and call to the bar. He completed his law courses in June last. He was but twenty-seven years of age, and of him it can be truly said that he gave promise of becoming distinguished in literature.

Prof. Alexander presided at the public meeting of the Modern Language Club this week, when Canadian Authors were discussed. A reporter on a city paper informs me that he called near the close of the meeting and asked one of the students present to give him a few facts regarding the proceedings. "Well," said the student, "Prof. Alexander gave a brief biological sketch of three Canadian writers." The newspaper man thought the student had made a "slip of the tongue" and gave him another chance, but the word "biological" was again used. This man must surely take natural sciences.

Prof. Hutton delivered a most entertaining philosophical and instructive public lecture on Saturday last on Phases of Athenian Politics. In his opening sentences he said that those who placed the columns of the London *Times* before the historical writings of Thucydides forgot that the former contained but an echo of what was set forth in the latter. Grote, he said, read the politics of Athens in the light of those of England, and vice versa; it was indeed surprising how the characteristics of the political life of England resembled those of Athens. The lecturer then proceeded to show how at one time a certain idea of government would prevail, and then another. There seemed in a general way to be action and reaction of the democratic and aristocratic idea. Among Athenian statesmen were men who dreamed of a State in which there would be no class privileges. The only aristocracy would be an aristocracy of talent and merit. Others were of the sober, modest, respectable type. They were the aristocratic conservatives. In opposition to this class were those who believed in the rule of the humbler classes. Democracy with them meant jealousy of the upper classes. Some of the politicians of Athens were also true to party, and although not personally selfish they had to prove their allegiance to party to practice treachery. The theory that "every man has his price" for a time also held sway.

Mr. H. C. Aylwin, at the meeting of the Wycliffe College Literary Society last week, read an essay on Snobs. Violin and piano solos were rendered by Mr. A. E. McLaughlin and Mr. R. F. Nye, respectively, and Mr. W. H. Cronyn was the reader for the evening. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, that in the interpretation of Scripture private judgment on the part of the laity should be discountenanced." The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs. A. H. Lea and R. O'Malley; and for the negative Messrs. S. H. Gould and W. M. Boultbee. Rev. A. H. Baldwin acted as critic. The debate was decided in favor of the negative. Mr. W. C. Shaw has been appointed to represent the college at the Trinity "Conversat." on February 11.

Rev. Principal Caven of Knox College has gone to visit the Holy Land.

Prof. James G. Hume, M.A., Ph.D., addressed the Y. M. C. A. last week.

Miss Cross and Miss Mason read capital papers last week on Rent at the meeting of the Political Science Association of '94.

At the last meeting of the Canadian History Referendum, papers were read by Mr. W. E. McPherson and Mr. D. B. James. The former dealt with the reports presented by Sir Francis Bond Head to the British Government on Canadian affairs, and the latter dealt with the report of the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada regarding the position taken by the United States during the Canadian rebellion of 1837, and also as to the correctness of the statements made in Lord Durham's report. Great interest is being taken in Canadian constitutional history at the University, and these papers were attentively listened to and well received.

Mr. E. F. Ball at the meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science, on Tuesday, explained and illustrated the method now used on the Lehigh Valley Railroad of calculating the quantities involved in the earthworks.

Mr. J. A. McLean, '92, ex-editor-in-chief of the *'Varsity*, has returned to lectures after struggling in the country for weeks with an attack of the grippe.

In mock parliament the Literary and Scientific Society on Friday of last week discussed the Speech from the Throne, which recommended the establishment of a legal working day of eight hours, a plebiscite on the question of prohibition, the abolition of French as an official language, and placing the appointment of senators in the hands of the Lieut.-Governors in Council. The following were the members of the Ministry: Premier and President of the Council, Mr. J. A. Cooper; Minister of Justice, Mr. E. B. Horne; Minister of Agriculture, Mr. D. C. Ross; Minister of Militia and Defence, Mr. V. A. Sinclair; Minister of Interior, Mr. C. Henderson; Minister of Finance, Mr. A. T. Boles; Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Mr. B. Woods; Minister of Public Works, Mr. J. D. Phillips; Minister of Customs, Mr. C. A. Moss; Minister of Inland Revenue, Mr. H. J. Sissons; Minister of Railways and Canals, Mr. DeW. Fry; Postmaster-General, Mr. J. A. McArthur; Secretary of State, Mr. J. P. Doherty; Solicitor-General, Mr. F. H. Richardson.

The late Mr. William Huston, M.A., Principal of Woodstock College, was one of our graduates. JUNIOR.

Old Age.

For Saturday Night.

Let us be kind to the old folks,
Who are going down hill so fast;
Let us cheer and brighten their old hearts
With sympathy, thoughtfulness, love.

How I love their sweet quivering voices,
The dear faces now wrinkled and worn,
Those eyes once bright with youth's gladness,
Now dulled with sorrow and time.

So let us be kind to the old folks,
Let us lighten the burden of age,
With several flowers of thoughtfulness, kindness
Bringing peace, hope and joy to their hearts.

E. E.

Osgoode Notes.

THE annual meeting of the Literary Society was held last Saturday evening in Convocation Hall, the president in the chair. Congratulations on the success of the ball were freely indulged in. The wearers of the black and white have many reasons for feeling a lively pride in the past, and a cheerful confidence in the future. Our football team are the champions of Canada. Our hockey team is reaching with a most praiseworthy persistence for the first place on the ice, and our ball is generally conceded to have been the event of the season. Mr. McNamara sang The Longshoreman in first-class style, but the Glee Club failed to respond, as their instructor, Mr. E. W. Schuch and several members are in the hands of all-conquering "grip." The debate on the Single Tax was a most animated one. The little band of single taxers, which last year consisted of one man, Mr. G. J. Ashworth, was this year strengthened by some notable additions, particularly Messrs. Cross, Cook and Hines, and stood nobly to its guns, although assaulted from all sides with all sorts of argumentation weapons, from the aboriginal boomerang of the callow first-year man, to the Thunder Bolt of the full-fledged barrister, the assault being led by Mr. J. W. Anderson, seconded by Messrs. Lamport, McGhie, Ferguson, White and others, but still the little phalanx who had "seen the cat" held out till finally, as the sun went down over the well fought field (11 30 p.m.), the debate was adjourned by general consent till next week.

The Ball Committee has not yet reported, but it is understood that the financial statement will show that both ends meet.

The lectures have been demoralized for the last week or two owing to grip getting hold of Messrs. Reave, Armour and Drayton, but we are pleased to see that they are around again.

There was a "mew" heard during one of the lectures to the second year class last week, and it is shrewdly suspected that behind the "mew" there was a "mewl." The same mule and several of his fellows have lately armed themselves with catapults and are making life a burden to the unfortunate occupants of the front seats. LEX.

A Lucky Neighborhood.

THE recent wedding of a pretty day-governess to a young lawyer of wealth and some distinction has drawn attention to a most curious fact. It appears that the same boarding-house from which this charming girl went forth to a luxurious home, has furnished financially poor wives for six rich husbands. Not all in a day or a month, but during the past two years love and fortune have crossed the portals of this very modest hotel half a dozen times to crown hard-working, worthy young women with their hearts' desires.

There is nothing the genial landlady loves better than to tell of how each individual courtship and marriage came about.

The first girl, she says, was rather a famous beauty, without a cent of money beyond the bare support her father earned as a down-town clerk. The daughter served as private secretary to two very smart leaders of New York's Four Hundred, and for her discretion, cleverness and sweet temper was much petted and brought forward socially. Her patrons, with true womanly instinct, manœuvred in the matrimonial market, landed a prize, and established their *protégee* to an enviable establishment.

The second young lady, a friend of the first, took part in the festivities attendant on Number One's nuptials, and within a year was married to the bridegroom's best man. The third girl met her fate while giving singing lessons in a rich brewer's family; and before the boarding-house gossips had time to turn this morsel of news on their tongues, she was wedded and away on a long European tour.

The fourth heroine was one of the plainest, most insignificant little creatures imaginable, who lived with her invalid mother on the top floor of the house, always dressed in black, and worked day and night at her pen to keep up the appearances their former social position demanded. Everyone had a tender, admiring feeling for the depressed-looking scribbler, who never talked about herself, and seemed far too gentle to write the sharp criticisms and witty editorials that amused the boarders every morning at breakfast. They all suspected her of compiling tracts, or grinding out filling for Sunday-school papers. Nor were they undeceived until she failed to fill her place at dinner one night, and the smiling proprietress told, with due elaboration, how she had that very day at noon married the editor-in chief of a rich Western paper—a deserving man, who discovered her superior worth as both journalist and wife.

By this time the amiable, well-bred lodgers had become exhausted by so many sudden shocks of a matrimonial nature, and determined never to allow themselves to be so surprised again. As a committee of the whole, they watched and waited, and were shortly rewarded by the frankest love-making ever seen.

This time it was their landlady's only daughter, one of the P——s of Virginia, Miss Miriam, who held her head as loftily, entertaining her mother's boarders, as though each high-priced patron was a guest of *ante bellum* days, on her grandfather's far famed Roanoke plantation.

She was a peppery little Southerner, pretty, *petite*, and sharp as a brier if twitted about war issues; always a trifle shy of New Englanders; when teased, vowed she would die a maid before taking the best Yankee name this side of Mason and Dixon's line.

The man from Maine, a big ship builder, came and stayed, and conquered the high-headed Virginian's prejudices and affections together. They both fell head over ears in love inside of a week, spooned openly without shame or reserve, and no one in the family could make the Southerner blush for all the oaths and protestations she had repudiated. The whole household took the liveliest sort of interest in the wooing; the women gave their advice concerning the *trousseau;* every one donated liberal wedding gifts, and threw rice and slippers after the blissful and newly united antipathies.

The sixth match in this interesting series scarcely stirred a ripple of excitement upon the romantic minds of the boarders, possibly owing to the fact that the bride was really engaged before becoming an inmate, and so scarcely one of the family.

The story that came out afterward was rather nice, all about a rich uncle, a will, and conditions forcing the heir to marry according to the deceased's wishes. To be sure, the bridegroom was cousin to the bride's second cousin, and they took the nuptials in purely matter-of-fact style. In fact, they went through the always stimulating preliminaries so perfunctorily that every spinster and bachelor in the establishment was thoroughly scandalized.

It was only three weeks ago, however, that the last and most engaging romance of all was ended very quietly one morning at "the little church around the corner." In this instance, as has been observed, the girl earned a thrifty living going out among rich families as a day governess. She occupied a nest in the attic of the house, scarcely big enough to turn in, dressed from the refurbished cast-off wardrobe of a rich relative, never had two coppers for pin money, and was yet as neat and sweet a specimen of femininity as one could wish to see. She had quantities of beaux—peachy-cheeked boys who loved her to distraction, never permitting her to suffer poverty's cruel sting in lack of *bonbons* or theater tickets.

The little governess worked and bloomed into more enchanting prettiness every day, and would, in all probability, have waited till one of her youthful lovers grew up, had not she stumbled over an open cellar hole one day, and fallen in an awkward heap on the coal below, with one broken leg and many ugly bruises.

This tragedy shook the boarding-house to its foundation, and one very old lady had hysterics when the news reached the parlor. Fractured little teacher home. It would have sounded heartless to say so at the time, but in truth this whole business was a tremendous stroke of luck. For six weeks the pathetic victim of a coal heaver's carelessness lay like a princess in her ten-by-ten apartment, petted and fairly smothered under attentions. Her rich little pupils kept the room like a flower garden, the beaux were fierce rivals in supplying sweetmeats and fruits, she had a dozen visitors for every chair the place could furnish, and laid up a stock of knit slippers and crocheted shawls to last her as long as she lived.

It was during the very first week after the accident that a romance began, destined to blight many budding boyish aspirations. He was the lawyer engaged to prosecute and recover damages for injuries and valuable time lost. It required innumerable interviews between client and attorney—chaperoned by the hysterical old lady—to forward the suit that, alas! was finally decided against the plaintiff the very day she decided to retain the unsuccessful prosecutor as her counsel for life.

With so much experience in marriages, it was only natural that under the combined direction of the boarders this sixth and last matrimonial celebration went off without a single jar. The bride scarcely limped at all, looked radiantly lovely, and was given away by the nervous old lady, who also furnished the wedding dress and *trousseau*.

"And now," concluded the high-bred landlady, who had related the foregoing instances in a soft, Southern voice, with many deliciously funny interpolations, "she lives in one of the most charming apartments on Fifth avenue. Just now we haven't even a suggestion of a romance in the whole place—all old people or humdrum married folks. But I tell you what it is," with a twinkle of fun in her eyes, "I'm nearly distracted by applicants for board. Queer, too, that nine-tenths of them are single women—well—er—er—I should say *pass*. Do you know, I'm afraid sometimes they've heard about the reputation my house has for luck in the shape of wedding rings."

THE NON-ATTENDANCE OF MR. WYNN

Written for Saturday Night by Maxwell Gregg.

Much to the disappointment of the ladies and much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen, none of whom possessed his elegance of person and for that reason perhaps were a little envious of him when in the presence of the fair sex, Mr. Wynn failed to attend the afternoon At Home of the Honorable Mrs. Airy. Of course he had received the customary pasteboard inviting his respected self to join the festive gathering, and knowing the kind of such affairs, it was difficult for the feminine hearts to understand his absence. However, it is not of the disappointed ladies, nor of the satisfied gentlemen, but of the non-attendance of Mr. Wynn upon which hangs my tale.

To begin with, then, it was the afternoon of a cloudy Saturday in autumn, in the city everything looked gray and cheerless, from the clouds rolling one after another overhead to the streets below. Men hurried along with hands in their overcoat pockets and shoulders shrugged in vain endeavor to keep out the chill which crept into their bones and made their teeth chatter in spite of them. Yes, it was a bleak day, both indoors and outdoors. At any rate so concluded Mr Wynn as he sat before the grate fire, in his bachelor apartments. But just such a day to make a good honest fellow feel delighted, he thought, a ride into the country along sequestered roads where nature was bewitching autumnal garb.

"Egad, I'll do it!" he exclaimed, clapping his hand upon his knee.

Now Mr. Wynn was a victim of whims. Everything he did was done instantaneously too, many things without thought or consideration—on the spur of the moment, to use a hackneyed expression.

As he often said he detested people who required an eternity to make up their minds, who weighed a question first on one hand, then on the other and back again in the first, only to be as far from a conclusion as when they began. No, Mr. Wynn was not of that species. He would rather toss a sovereign and governed by the way it fell than go into a long "thinking" of the subject. Not only in matters trivial was this characteristic dominant, but in the most important. For instance, Mr. Wynn was a lawyer, and a clever one it was said, but the selection of a profession was the result of a whim, just as was almost everything else he did. "I'll be a lawyer," said young Wynn in a whimsical mood at the age of nineteen, and in the next breath, "I'll be a doctor." Then there was a clash, but to be sure a copper soon decided the matter, tails—lawyer, heads—doctor, and so he became a rising member of the bar—Gerard Wynn, Esquire, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

A member of a club downtown and of a club uptown, keeping a stylish cob and natty dogcart at Bobon's, Mr. Wynn cut quite a figure in society. He had, too, the faculty of making friends, which is always advantageous to one, and as a result his circle of acquaintances was large. A jolly, free-and-easy fellow, with the young men he was of course popular, good-looking, well dressed, agreeable and above all eligible, made him a favorite of the ladies, all of which qualities, in addition to his being a clever young lawyer and brilliant talker, gave him an enviable position in the estimation of the older people. Still Mr. Wynn at twenty-seven was as restless and erratic as Mr. Wynn at nineteen. In little everyday affairs one could depend upon him no more than a frail canoe could be relied upon to safely cross the broad Atlantic. If one made an appointment with him and he kept it, well and good; if he failed to do so, well and good, too, one would say, for was he not a victim of whims? Such was Mr. Wynn.

Perhaps some would call him unprincipled—a very bad trait indeed—and maybe he was, in trifling things, but that a despicable action ever emanated from him, that he ever slandered a friend or abused confidence reposed in him, no one could truthfully assert. The only fault to be laid at his door was that of being restless, unsettled, whimsical. Whimsical! Why, the very moment he decided to go riding was there not an artistic gem in the form of a square card, with the faintest odor of violets about it, on his table, which politely requested his presence that afternoon at the "At Home" of the Honorable Mrs. Airy, in every respect a most desirable acquaintance to cultivate, for bless you, was she not the leader of Toronto's most select? But while the invitation of this estimable lady certainly had priority over the whim which had seized Mr. Wynn, the latter must, as usual, be satisfied no matter if all the Honorable Mrs. Airys in Canada stretched forth their hands to welcome him.

Therefore Mr. Wynn no sooner thought of a horseback ride than he jumped to the telephone. "Hello, Bobon! Have my horse saddled and sent up immediately. Immediately, do you hear, or egad, I'll break every bone in your man's body when he comes."

Then lighting a brain-stealing cigarette as he called them, yet in which he instantly seemed delighted, he flew about the room like a madman as he changed his clothes for a riding suit. In what appeared to him an incomprehensible time the man appeared with the horse, but instead of breaking every bone in the fellow's body—and upon my honor it was a poor lean one that stood holding the prancing steed—Mr. Wynn slipped something into his hand which made him smile expansively as he stood gazing at that "awesome certain" in astonishment, and then the smile on his lips yes, and in his eyes, too, slowly faded away to re-appear whenever he thought of the shining piece which lay snugly in his waistcoat pocket. Poor fellow! What pleasure a little generosity wrought in him. If the heavyurses would but think—well, to follow Mr. Wynn.

Handsome, well dressed and well mounted the young man attracted considerable attention as he rode through the streets, and much to the disappointment of mischievous boys fain to ridicule his very elegant white riding breeches, and to the chagrin of the livelier young women who cast fond eyes at him. Mr. Wynn rode merrily on, utterly unconscious of his surroundings, perfectly satisfied with himself if not with all mankind. Where would he go, he mused, east, west or north? Ah! Good idea, he would follow the sun as all civilization did and go west. Then he thought of a passing damsel blushed because she thought it was meant for her, whereas Mr. Wynn was thinking what a funny thing it would be to meet with old Sol, to ride on, on, and overtake him where? So at the idea he laughed.

The favorite rendezvous of Toronto's devotees of the saddle is away out Bloor street beyond Slattery's. Slattery's with shadows of the past hanging about it, recalling a world of pleasure, for who does not know Slattery's and who forgets the good old days when the antiquated place rang o'nights with youthful joy and merriment, where time after time gay spirited young men and women tripped the light fantastic to their hearts' content? Ah, me! young men and women who have grown faded and worn just as the once familiar haunt has, just as we all are taking on old age, rheumatics and gout. Past Slattery's then, about Park and beyond, there are lovely shady paths and shady roads along which one can gallop as much as one pleases, where, if desired, quiet nooks can be plenty, and you may to dream away the live-long day, hob-nob with nature, moralize and philosophize without interruption and be as happy as Robinson Crusoe on his isolated isle, for indeed it is a quiet and lovely spot.

So Mr. Wynn cantered on, leaving behind him the noisy city. Passing Slattery's he drew rein, for it was a pretty sight stretched before him, and having at all times an eye for the beautiful the picturesque scenery should not escape his admiration. Truly, he thought, the soul would be dead that could not see the oveliness of those hills and valleys, those tinted leaves that seemed flushed by a fever killing them.

"How like am I to those very leaves," he mused, "for have I not bloomed in manhood only to fade away in old age, and those crushed ones lying there on the ground are unnoticed in the presence of the living loveliness, just as I shall be forgotten when I take the inevitable drop from the tree of life. But there is a glorious hereafter for man! Yes, that is the reward for struggling on through this tumultuous stretch of time. Then if those leaves look so beautiful with nothing but destruction awaiting them, how grandly magnificent nature should strive to be in the light of what is to come. A restless feeling overcomes me when I think of the broad expanse of this world which I have never seen—the work of an infinite Master given all to enjoy, but of which I have only a small part. Egad, I feel as poor Don Quixote of old might have felt, for I could wander on and on like this for ever, seeking new fields, admiring God's handiwork, as I jogged along, living as a child of nature in green fields and sylvan dells. Polly, old horse, you would be my Rozinante, common sense my Sancho Panza, the beautiful maid one my lady Dulcinea, the world the flesh, and the devil the monsters I would fight against. Pahaw! The world's prosaic. I would live in centuries ago when men were guided by their heads and the cross of their swords." But unfortunately for Mr. Wynn, he lived in an age of stern reality, no matter which way he looked at it. Above him a telegraph wire stretched along the road, from which came a mournful hum like a song full of weariness. It annoyed him and crushed with his dreaming, so he drew his horse off the main road to a quiet path running from it. Here he stopped, dismounted, threw himself upon the ground, drew a brain-stealer from a neat little case, and smoked. "I wonder," he mused "if it is not better for a man to be a little vague than to know just what I am a sage, in fact I sometimes think I lean towards the crazy side. Crazy forsooth! I would rather have a lively imagination, approaching insanity, than have a dull, matter-of-fact, giants of windmills as Don Quixote did, than have none at all and see everything in its hideous reality unmasked of the ideality which might be put into it."

"Ha! ha! ha! That is good. Mr. Wynn. I am pleased to hear a number of that stern character—the law, you know—admit, even to himself, that there is still left in him a little of the sentimental."

"Miss Gwynn!" exclaimed Mr. Wynn, springing to his feet at sight of a young lady before him, who continued laughing, at what she had overheard.

"Yes, Mr. Wynn, Miss Gwynn, out for a little exercise on that dearest of beasts, Zip. Miserable day in town, nothing to do, no place to go—"

"The Honorable Mrs. Airy's!" interrupted Mr. Wynn.

"The Honorable Mrs. Airy's! No, no. Of all places spare me from such as that. Too oppressively stately for me anyway, Mr. Wynn. So not wishing to wander on around, I broke the bonds of propriety and hied me here alone, hoping to shake off the depression in a jolly gallop, when, behold, sauntering gaily on I espied a riderless horse grazing on the highway, wh'ch upon approaching I found to be Mr. Wynn's Polly. "What an adventure," I exclaimed, and with visions of escaping the old breaking out afresh in this peaceful country I grew alarmed for your safety when happening to look down this rural path I found Mr. Wynn sitting against a tree calmly smoking a cigarette just as if it were a sultry day in summer. Concluding that Polly, not caring to be a party to such a deception, had gone wandered away unnoticed in search of something more interesting, I brought her back. Ha! ha! What an adventure indeed! Ha! ha!"

The merry speaker, who had dismounted and stood before Mr. Wynn in her well fitting riding habit, was young and beautiful. What more is necessary to say? Whether she had the golden tresses of a blonde or the raven locks of a brunette, whether her years were eighteen or twenty, whether her cheeks was turned up or turned down, her eyes blue, black, or green for that matter, is of no consequence at all. That she was young and beautiful is sufficient, so beautiful indeed that to look at her was like some of us beholding a masterpiece of art which we know is beautiful but to save our lives could not tell just wherein the beauty lay.

Mr. Wynn leaned against his horse, slowly puffing his cigarette and watching the smoke as it rose in the air and died away. Miss Gwynn, suddenly springing into the saddle, turned her horse towards the road.

"Well, Mr. Philosopher, as you seem inclined to silence I shall proceed upon my lonely way and leave you with your meditative thoughts. I would not for the world have disturbed your profound reverie had I known you were given to such spells. Ah, me! Happy is the philosopher. Ha! ha! Good-bye!"

Now had that young gentleman followed his first impulse he would have mounted his horse and pursued the flying beauty, but it ended in being overthrown, not by any physical exertion, but by impulse number two, which was to throw himself upon the ground, giving vent to round curses of himself for being such a "duffer," as he called it.

"Egad, I have known the time when I would give my right hand for such an opportunity to have a quiet talk with that divinest of creatures. Out on you, Gerard Wynn, for a fool, an idiot, to let such a chance escape you. Oh, my darling, love of my heart, return to this disconsolate mortal."

But the beauty returned not and Mr. Wynn again resorted to heaping rebuke upon himself. To tell the truth I would not like to repeat the hard names he called himself, for I am sure the language was not such as had won him that enviable position in the estimation of the older people which I have mentioned.

"Confound society," muttered Mr. Wynn, at a loss perhaps for something to turn his ill-humor against, "a lot of over-dressed puppets (outside the ball-room) and coxcomb men. Damme, I'll get out of it. I hate their nice phrases and their empty talk, their glaring flattery under which lies deep hypocrisy. Bah! 'tis all a sham, a glitter, and hollow as a drum. Confound the cigarettes, too, I'll be throw away the little white thing. "Henceforth I'll smoke the old clay pipe which has made better men than did ever those fragile paper sticks. Come, Polly, we'll go home and turn Bohemians.

So, having exhausted his spleen, Mr. Wynn mounted his horse and galloped as she could, with a scowl on his face, his hat drawn over his eyes and wearing a most dejected mien indeed, for, far different from the dashing young man of a few hours before.

Oh, women, women, what misery you can cause in the heart of man!

"Confound Polly!" growled the lonely horseman as he proceeded on his way, and if his Polly did not take flight at sound of her master's voice it could be plainly seen by her, for the tone was so gruff that it might have come from where Mr. Wynn felt his heart had sunk—away down in his boots, as he put it.

"Well, you are a pretty fellow to talk of ideality."

The speaker was the beauty, if Mr. Wynn could believe his eyes and ears.

"Why, from where did you come, like a ray of sunshine in the darkness?" inquired Mr. Wynn, his dejection and gruffness of voice giving place to the merriest mood and sweetest of voices.

"Overtook you of course," answered the beauty, "which you might have discovered before had you not been philosophising. Ha! ha! Mr. Wynn, the philosopher! What a joke! But, as I said, you are a pretty fellow to talk of ideality when you would leave poor me—an ideal creature surely—to pursue her way alone.

"My dear Miss Gwynn," replied Mr. Wynn, "you might leave your praises to be sounded by others."

"Come, come, Mr. Wynn," laughed the beauty, "I am not going to quarrel with you, for I know you want company and I do not object to your escort—that is, not much you know."

"Oh!" from Mr. Wynn.

"Oh, indeed!" from Miss Gwynn.

"Well, turn back and be my aide. Besides, Miss Gwynn, I want to say something to you."

"Oh!" from Miss Gwynn.

"Oh, indeed!" from Mr. Wynn.

"Now, Mr. Solomon, what have you to say? Something in the philosophical line, I suppose?"

"Fairest of women," cried Mr. Wynn in mock seriousness, "dismiss that levity. I want to talk—or—to—to marry me—to be my wife you know."

The beauty stopped her horse and Mr. Wynn did likewise.

"I—I did not think you could be so—so cruel, Mr. Wynn," she said, "to—to talk of—of such—a serious—serious affair so—so lightly. I might have known better—have thought—than—than—," and what did the lovely creature do but break down and cry. Here was a pretty state of things for Mr. Wynn, a quiet secluded nook where he could clasp the darling to his breast and tell her what a brute he was to talk so lightly; how, nevertheless, he loved her better than life and seriously meant what he had said, although it might have been couched in words more endearing. But the best Mr. Wynn could do was to draw her fairness up beside here, put his strong arm around her fairy waist and tell her—well, bless you, what a different aspect an explanation put upon things sometimes wears. So it was with the beauty, for her tears soon vanished and her merry laugh again took their place. But—let me whisper it in your ear—I believe the laugh was a trifle less merrier, and I am sure anyone could have seen there was a brighter light in her beautiful eyes.

On they drifted, walking their horses all time. What they talked of has, of course, nothing to do with this story, which is just as well, for it would take volumes to tell of all they said. At any rate they cared not, regardless of their surroundings, that before they knew it darkness was fast approaching, with night not far from the other. Had they, though, if the north pole were close at hand! Not a bit. However, instead of being in the north they found themselves not far from a country tavern by the roadside, from the windows of which gleamed a comfortable and inviting light. In fact, so comfortable and inviting did it look that at Mr. Wynn's suggestion they decided to enter, have supper and return to the city by moonlight. Ah, me! Ah, me! What bliss is the lover's.

Two guests from the city, especially of so distinguished appearance as Miss Gwynn and Mr. Wynn, was a little out of the ordinary to mine host.

"If they would not mind the delay," quoth he, "so early they please step into the sitting room while supper was being prepared!" So they entered the room, where a cheery fire blazed upon a wide-mouthed hearth. Mr. Wynn took possession of an easy chair and sat before the fire "toasting" himself, as he said, while Miss Gwynn sat in another. Of course how near to one another they sat is foreign of my affair, should not concern the reader and has no possible bearing on this story, but the fact that Mr. Wynn—perhaps you will doubt me if it, but nevertheless 'tis true—overcome no doubt by the long ride and fresh air, went to sleep in the presence of the beauty, has a great deal of beauty and in the bargain, is a lady—the hour which should be the happiest in a man's life. Still, contemptible as it seems, Mr. Wynn slept soon complacently until awakened by a shrill voice yelling into the room:

"Supper!"

With a jump he was on his feet and lo, what do you think happened? Why, Mr. Wynn was standing before the grate fire in his city apartments just beginning to realize that it had all been a dream.

"A dream!" cried he. "The divine Gwynn, the horseback ride, the country tavern, and oh, those kisses full of bliss, all a dream! Ha!"

"Bah" was really not what Mr. Wynn said, but it looks better in print and sounds better too.

After raving about the room a few moments he threw himself into the chair again.

"What! Have I been sleeping and dreaming here all afternoon like an overgrown infant? Have I missed the Honorable Mrs. Airy's affair where no doubt the beauty was and where I anticipated such a glorious time? Ha!"

When his landlady's Abigail called him to supper the second time it was fortunate for that young woman that she did not put her head in the doorway again, for I am afraid that in his mood then Mr. Wynn would have done serious damage to that head.

He swallowed his disgust and disappointment as well as he could, but for the rest of that night the friends he met wondered what new whim had seized Mr. Wynn for, as he said, he was like a bear with an afflicted cranium, whatever that means.

"Forever, as the illustrious William put it, "All's well that ends well," and as I received a short time ago a neatly printed card upon which the names of Miss Gwynn and Mr. Wynn appeared in conjunction, I take it that everything ended smoothly and satisfactorily as a fairy story of our youth.

Now ladies, so much disappointed when Mr. Wynn failed to appear at the Honorable Mrs. Airy's At Home, you know the true cause of that gentleman's non attendance.

How Nellie Missed a Husband.

(Written for Saturday Night by F. Schooley.)

"Good-bye, Nellie. When shall I expect you home? Not before Christmas! Well, I hope you will enjoy yourself. Remember Nellie, what I told you about Cousin Anna. A pretty face will not make up for a disagreeable manner, so put a curb on your looks as well as your tongue."

Nellie gave a self-confident toss of her head.

"Allan did not seem to think my manner so disagreeable, mamma, and his opinion is of more importance than his mother's."

"No, Allan did not think you disagreeable, you had only gentle words and smiles for him. But Cousin Anna holds the purse and has the great influence over Allan, who is extremely fond of his mother." The little woman looked at her pretty daughter sadly as she continued: "Cousin Anna has been very kind in asking you to visit her, and do not forget what trouble and expense I have been to to give you this pleasure."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor.

"Never mind, mamma, I will repay it all when I am Mrs. Allan Blair." Nellie spoke, as she kissed her rather shabby little mother, and hurried from the waiting-room, settling herself comfortably, placing her wraps and parcel beside her, so preventing any one the privilege of sitting beside her. For Nellie always looked out for her comfort. This was making this visit for the purpose of settling herself comfortably for life. She already saw herself Mrs. Allan Blair, surrounded by every comfort and luxury money could buy. "I shall be married in the church," she thought: "how jealous all the girls will be. I will pay back Flo Henderson all the snubs she has given me. What airs she always has put on! I wonder if she will come to the church to see me married? Perhaps Cousin Anna will give me my bride's dress; she knows we cannot afford expensive things and she will want her son's wife to do her credit." And Nellie went on dreaming, deciding in her own mind that she would be married in white silk and lace, thinking how lovely she would look in that tulle veil and orange blossoms, scarcely noticing the stoppages nor the many people crowding the car until roused by a gruff voice:

"I must ask you to share your seat with me; there is not a vacant one in the car."

Nellie gave her habitual toss of the head, took up her parcel and drew her wrap towards her, edging over the least perceptible bit. She was not pleased at being interrupted in her dream of future bliss, and rather most disagreeable manner. The lady was not small and in a squeezing herself into the small space allotted to her she sat on Nellie's wrap, so it was hardly possible for her to do otherwise.

With a very cross "Excuse me," Nellie pulled her wrap across her side, then presenting the back of her head to her fellow traveler she looked out of the window, wishing to prevent conversation. If she could have seen the look of contempt the lady gave her she might have remembered her mother's parting injunction. The train flew along for another hour, Nellie leaning comfortably back, having the best part of the seat, the lady rather uncomfortably seated on the edge of the seat, holding her parcel on her lap.

"Allington," called the brakeman, and Nellie roused herself, the lady took her parcels in her hand preparatory to getting off. "She gets off here; I wonder who she is," thought Nellie, feeling rather uncomfortable. Nellie to her horror soon found out who she was. The lady moved towards the door, followed by Nellie. As they stepped on the platform Nellie's heart gave a bound, for a young man came forward, took her parcels from the lady's hand saying, "Why, mother, you look tired out; a day's shopping seems to have used you up." Catching sight of Nellie he exclaimed, coming forward with a smile, "Here is Miss Nellie. We did not expect you until the five o'clock train." Turning again to his mother he continued, "You have traveled together, mother, and never knew it." Poor Nellie! No, she never knew it. Mrs. Blair greeted her with frigid politeness. Allan saw there was something amiss, and tried to cover the awkwardness with pleasant chat. Soon Mrs. Blair had enough to entertain lady after her mother, whom she had not seen for years, and Nellie breathed more freely. But it was not a very pleasant fortnight for Nellie, although both Mrs. Blair and her son planned many a pleasant entertainment and excursion. But Allan showed only cousinly friendship, and Mrs. Blair was too well bred to neglect her visitor until after Christmas. So Nellie returned home, and the white silk and lace, the tulle veil and orange blossoms are still visions of the future.

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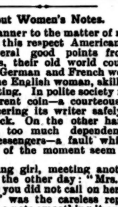

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About Women's Notes.

From the manner to the matter of notes is a short step. In this respect American women are not several good steps from their English cousins, their old world cousins, indeed, for both German and French women are nearly with the English woman, skilled in the art of note writing. In polite society notes are a valuable current coin—a courteous, tactful note often steering its writer safely over a threatening rock. On the other hand, it is easy to place too much dependence upon these paper messengers—a fault which some young women of the moment seem likely to fall into.

Said one young girl, meeting another in a public place the other day: "Mrs. T. tells me quite hurt that you did not call on her niece."

"Does she?" was the careless reply. "I must write her a note smoothing it over."

"Oh, don't!" cried the friend. The first speaker remarked further: "Mr.—was at the house last evening; he spoke about your having so prettily explained about the tennis fiasco."

"Goodness!" ejaculated the other, "what an enemy! I had forgotten entirely I wrote to him of that matter. It was on my mind to go home to day and send him an especially fetching note. Now, I dimly recall having done so."

Here, evidently, was a young woman who wrote notes recklessly, and, it is to be feared, unadvisedly, and who, in her haste, sometimes she will be apt to come to grief some time.

To an Englishwoman of any position her correspondence is one of her most serious duties. She spends a certain portion of every day at her desk, and she would as soon think of not responding to a friend's greeting as omitting to answer promptly and carefully a friend's letter, or, indeed, any addressed to her from friend or stranger.—*New York Times.*

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As to Color.

"You seem very much interested in Miss Browning of Boston."

"Yes."

"Blue-stocking!"

"No, black."

The Game Must Have Been High.

Wife—John, I want ten dollars.

Husband—Maria, I'm sorry to say that I haven't the amount to-day.

Wife—John Henderson! I do believe you sat up with another sick man last night.

An Incident of '46

(Written for Saturday Night by W. A. Laughlin.)

Our story opens in the year 1846 The stirring events which are to be narrated took place in the then newly made state of Texas. This state as we all know was admitted to the Union about the close of the year 1845. We are also acquainted with the facts which preceded her admission to the stars and stripes. Be it enough to say that at least 40 men had died who refused to acknowledge allegiance to the United States. This man was a Mexican brigand named Castallo.

In the summer of the year in which we write, an obscure general of the American army had been left in command of some inferior troops of infantry near the boundary line of Texas and Mexico. A band of Mexican brigands had been harassing the country, murdering, plundering and carrying off captives. The commander, who refused like his followers to recognize the supremacy of the United States, was the Castallo alluded to before in this narrative.

This Castallo had gathered together two hundred men, determined like himself, and had formed a small army, which increased every day as all the desperate and disaffected characters were attracted to its ranks. Soon this organization became very dangerous, and threatened the law-abiding citizens. It was resolved that this band of brigands should be subdued and accordingly the Yankee general was sent to exterminate Castallo and his band.

He was in a measure successful. In a sharp conflict the band had been surprised one evening encamped on the mountain side. The men were resting after the fatigue of a day of watching and ambuscades, dreamily smoking their pipes, whilst their wives fondled the children by the flickering camp fire which threw weird shadowsover the weary band.

A terrible conflict followed this chance meeting. For two hours the fight continued, and in the confusion friend and foe fought madly without looking to see who fell beneath his hand. The band were defeated and bleeding from their wounds hid in the ravines; the women and children had fled; and the dead brigands were hastily buried. The general and his men were joyful over the victory, but one dark cloud crossed his brow and that was owing to thoughts of Castallo, who alone survived the disaster of his men. One hope the general had, and that was that Castallo might die from his wounds, as the soldier who had seen him escaping affirmed that he had planted a bullet in his back. That he could be alive They returned to camp, and the general caused a notice to be posted promising a reward of one hundred eagles for Castallo's capture "dead or alive."

A month had sped. The country had become safe, and the settlers had taken their herds to enjoy the herbage. One of the settlers was a Mexican named Juantilla, a handsome youth with a clear complexion and dark flashing eyes. He went every evening to sell milk and eggs at the village of St. Jose close by. He always returning homeward one night, whistling softly to himself. He lived near the mountain side on a little plot of ground around which he had erected a fence. Arriving at the entrance to his cote he gave a shout as he perceived a man lying near his abode in the tall grass.

"Good night," he said.

The man lying on the grass slowly raised himself on his elbows, and in a sad voice answered "Good night." To judge from his clothing he was a laborer, as he was miserably clad. He had a bandage around his head, he was tall, thin, and seemed in great pain.

"Nothing new!" he asked the youth.

"Nothing," answered Juantilla. "The Yankees are still on the search. They are after a brigand, Castallo by name. The general promises much gold to anyone who will surrender him, but I suppose the mountains are safe, and he is cunning and faithful. If he is alive Castallo will never be betrayed."

The boy took off his cap and added:

"Death is a release from all trouble."

"Yes," answered the stranger, "you have spoken truly."

The boy gazed at the stranger for a moment and then asked: "Why are you so sad? Do you feel troubled? If you do, remember I am young and when I received you here nearly dead I resolved to save your life. I healed the wound which an enemy made. I do not know your name nor do I care much, but remain here as long as you like. We can till the land together, and shall always be friends. As for the home, I gave it not, but He gives it who hath made the mountains."

"You are good," answered the other, "but answer me this: The brigand had companions—a wife and children—have they escaped?"

"Not one, for they are dead, and in the evening the shadows fall over their graves. Some say Castallo had a wife and family; if he be alive he must feel heartbroken."

"Yes," answered the stranger, "he has not much to live for now, and he loved his wife dearly."

"You say so," said the youth. "Why, half his life will seem to be gone."

"You do not know much of love," said the stranger. "It is full of cares and crosses."

"I love a senora on the other side of the mountain," said Juantilla. "She is beautiful and when in her presence I feel indeed a miserable creature."

"Does she love you?"

"Yes."

"Why not marry the fair senora?"

"We come to it at last. She is the daughter of old Feldoro, the merchant, who lives in St. Jose. He is a brute and has always loved money, and he told me I could take his daughter when I brought him fifty of those gold pieces which the Yankees call eagles."

"Does he barter in slaves?" asked the stranger.

"He says it will be her marriage portion and that he will invest it for me in his business."

The stranger stood up and through an opening in the rocks he caught a view of the distant horizon, and murmuring to himself he said:

"There would be one unhappy man less, and one more happy couple added. It is well." He added aloud: "Juantilla, you shall have the senora. I shall go to St. Jose when the night comes on."

An hour later darkness enveloping everything save where the golden moonlight lighted up the sleeping valley, the man slowly descended to the town. He soon came to the outskirts of the Yankee camp.

Halt! came the order.

"I wish to see the general on important business."

The man was conducted into the presence of the anxious general who was fearful that this alarm was a call for more fighting.

"Your name," he asked.

"It matters not my name."

"Where are you going?"

"To see you about this brigand Castallo."

"So you know about him. You are like the rest who know all about him, but on investigation such knowledge proves worthless."

"I know where he is," vehemently repeated the stranger. "If you give me fifty eagles he shall be yours."

"You shall have one hundred if you tell the truth, but remember you shall be imprisoned if you prove a traitor."

"I know it well," said the stranger, smiling disdainfully.

"Where is he?"

For answer the stranger held out his hand for the gold. They could send a body of soldiers with him whilst he went to hide the gold, and after that he would return to them and deliver the brigand. The general entreated, expostulated, but all in vain. The money was paid, the soldiers and the stranger went away, the camp was once more peaceful.

At the end of the time appointed the stranger approached the camp, and was met by the impatient general. "Well, Judas, you have hid your gold, have you not?" said he. "But Castallo? The stranger stopped short and answered mechanically:

"I am he."

Thoroughly astonished the general knew not what to say, but bursting into laughter he said:

"You mock me and charge me for it."

The stranger who called himself Castallo then said:

"Take not my word but look at the proof, look at my description. Here on my back is the scar: on my head the bullet wound, whilst on my breast is my name written by the blacksmith of St. Jose."

So saying he bared his breast across which, tatooed in red, was "Castallo." The general ceased to laugh, but yet did not understand it at all. At length in a voice full of emotion he asked:

"Why do you give yourself up?"

"My men are dead, my wife is dead, my children are dead. You have killed all, why not kill me also! And then a little girl Juantilla, who took care of me, wished to have gold to marry the senora, daughter of old Feldoro, poor boy! When I went with him to Feldoro and paid over the gold, he came also. He wept, he kissed my hands! He will be happy, he will love, whilst I ..."

"When I said 'Good night' he asked me if I was going to join my senora, and then I told him 'Yes.'"

Next day the eager citizens recognized Castallo; and the general, moved by the pride and dauntless bearing of the doomed man, said:

"I am forced to kill you. Were I master I should once more return you to liberty, and to the mountains you love so well. You are a brave and you know our first duty is to obey orders."

"True," said Castallo, as he bent his head, "I came to die."

The general then offered to grant anything in the way of a request which the brigand might make. "Command me," he said, "for I am at your service."

The brigand paused and thought. "Yes!" said he, "let me die the death of a brave man, and delay not the hour. It matters little, death comes to every man soon or late."

The soldiers were drawn up in a line and their gleaming bayonets flashed in the sun light. On a mound of earth stood the general and Castallo, whilst the rays of sunset threw long shadows over a newly dug grave.

Castallo looked away from the mountains where he imagined he saw Juantilla and his wife wearily waiting for him who came not. A gray haze came across his eyes, he felt the cold hand of the unseen foe in his, no longer the purple-topped hills met his eye, and in a firm low voice he repeated the prayer:

"Our Father which art in Heaven——"

A quiver seized the line of bayonets; the general bared his head, steadied his voice, and with a rapid military command he said: "Fire."

The sun had just disappeared behind the mountain.

On the spot where Castallo met his mournful death Juantilla and his wife erected a simple wooden cross, and on this cross the general inscribed the familiar words, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CANNINGTON, ONT.

Her Evening Out.

When Mr. Jones went home to supper the other evening, Mrs. Jones had not returned from a shopping expedition. This was so unusual that he felt uneasy. But when the entire evening had passed, and she was still absent, he became greatly alarmed. In his own mind he had informed the police and the Mayor, and asked to have the river dragged. When Mrs. Jones came home she was flushed and radiant, and her eyes shone like stars.

"Oh," she said, sinking into an easy-chair and sticking her feet out straight before her, "I've had such a good time."

"Maria," asked Mr. Jones sternly, "where have you been?"

"Been out with the girls, and I have come home sober, which is more than can be said of some folks I know."

"Maria, this is no time for trifling. Tell me at once where you have been, or I shall take measures to find out for myself."

"Mercy me, don't look so cross, Jeptha. I went shopping with cousin Kate, and she insisted on my going home to tea with her. Then we both went over to see Mrs. Major's new dress from Paris, and as I was near my own dressmaker, I went in to see her, and borrow a paper pattern."

"And who came home with you?"

"Cousin Kate."

"And did she go back alone?"

"No, she wouldn't come in, so I walked back with her, and cousin John came back with her and did."

"And did it take you till 10 o'clock at night to do that gaddding about?" crossquestioned Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, no, dear, we dropped in at Mrs. Blossom's and saw her new bonnet and had some nice raspberry cordial, and I ran over to Mrs. Mancey's—I was so near—and borrowed her new pattern book, and when I left, Jeptha, I saw the Smith twinlets—the sweet little things—a boy and a girl, or a girl and a boy, I forget which, and on our way home I looked in—why, where are you going, Mr. Jones? I haven't told you half yet."

"Maria, I'm going down to see if our watchman is on duty. If there were any other places that you visited, you can tell me to-morrow. I wonder you got home at all, I do."

The Parting.

It was five o'clock p.m., and George Montgomery had been spending the afternoon with Lillian Lacey.

"Good-bye, darling," he said fondly, as they stood in the darkened vestibule.

"Good-bye, George," she murmured, nestling her head in the time-honored place.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the image of death," he whispered, holding her close and kissing her passionately, "and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, clinging to him almost fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may happen between now and the time we meet again?"

"Mizpah," she breathed, and threw her arms about him convulsively.

"Tell me, Lillian," he spoke tremulously, "let us keep that word as our shield and armor."

"And you will come back to me; to your own little loving Lillian, George; the same beautiful and brave George you have always been?"

"Trust me, Lillian, darling; trust your George."

"Oh, darling," she said, strong in the faith of woman. "I do trust you. How do I know you so if I did not?" and she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian my own."

"But when, George? When?" she asked anxiously.

"At eight this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his strong arms, tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "make it half-past seven!"

And it came to pass as he had spoken.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Serious Matter.

"They tell me that young Charley Dudeleigh of the 'Maid of Athens' Combination was arrested in Troy last week."

"Yes; it cast a damper on the whole company."

"What was the charge—serious?"

"Yes; impersonating an actor."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

A SUBSCRIBER.—The 13th Hussars left Toronto in 1869.

BALDY.—How did you come to forget your coupon? Take till you send it along.

SARAH.—Strong will, individuality, rather an accommodating nature, generosity, a good opinion of yourself, tenacity of purpose, carefulness, a very level head, a character full of common sense and sure to attain her ends.

PINTHIA.—Some ideality, love of company and social intercourse, rather indirect speech, self-will, tenacity, faulty judgment, great kindness and amiability, ambition and good self-esteem, determined opinions and constancy are shown.

BUTTERCUP.—This writing is in the main characteristic similar to that of Canon, but has better self-control and an excellent temper, as well as less need of added care for details. I don't believe you are willowy, I fancy you rather a "comfy" plump creature.

MARIETTA L. SMITH.—Cheerful, conversational, rather wed ted to opinion, humorous and very constant in friendships, though not so waste affectionate as your sister. Intensi nor is sense of beauty shown, though writer possibly has dainty tastes, refinement being noticed.

PAGANINI.—I am quite sure you will succeed if you work faithfully. You have decided talent and a strong idealistic bent. Some excellent publications are issued in the line of music dealers. I will give you a few names next week, and also the terms you ask about if I hear from the friend I have written to in time.

GOOD-FOR NOTHING.—Marked imagination, determined effort, open-heartedness, good temper, lack of buoyancy, good executive energy, originality, impulsive, some superficiaeace of speech, hopeful rather than despondent, but not ambitious a very sensitive person, not very richly endowed with the finer qualities.

JO.—Good sequence of ideas, consistency, some frankness of conversation, rather quick temper, generosity, little generosity or sympathy, some ability and honest intent of pose. I could not possibly advise you as to what would suit you best. I think you have sufficient pluck to meet after difficulties, but not much energy, enterprise nor originality.

ERIN.—See answer to Folly. I must add that I am glad the change has taken place. The cure for sensitiveness is common sense, and a small idea of your own merits. No person tell you by word or action that you don't come up to the mark, reflect that possibly they are right and instead of resenting, profit by the criticism. This letter is in very different style from your last.

CAPABOLE.—1. The Englishman, self-contented, but mistrustful of others; the German, dictatorial and opinionated; the Frenchman, animated and emotional; the Spaniard, indifferent and not enterprising, the Italian contented and hot-tempered; the Irishman, open-hearted but improvident; the Scotchman, tenacious and clannish; the American, self-assured but undignified. 2. Yes. 3. It is not safe to walk alone, and decline politely, no one can take offence. 4. I don't think your writing is formed enough for satisfactory study.

IT.—This correspondent is a most selfwilled and impulsive person, concise and short in speech, but just and honest in action. He is so careless that some one should always look after him, so hopeful and fond of fun that they wouldn't find it a tiresome task. He is very persistent, clinging to any desired object, and though very willful and self-confident, yet blended with a good share of affection and sympathy. I have just made four consecutive studies whose main point is uncontrolled and misdirected effort, and I feel quite exhausted from looking at them.

MIGNON.—Your writing is not very legible, but its traits are those of haste and carelessness. It would develop well if you tried to make it. You are impulsive, rather a little mistrustful, ambitious; you need to cultivate sympathy, love and self-control, and your temper needs a good twister for a little sweetening. I think you are hard to please, but you have decided ability and enough perseverance, with good training and self-denial, when you will not take kindly to, you may command the respect of a large circle, and the love of a chosen few. A very decided self-assertion and unwillingness to be led is seen.

GREEN-JONES.—This young man is clever and has very bright and taking ways, he is fond of amusement and well liked; he is a little obstinate and fond of his own way, mirthful, ambitious, persevering, and although he is inclined to overrate his own gratifications, yet he is a being in league with the powers of darkness, said editor has always a kindly feeling for his many charming qualities, and wishes him success in his chosen profession, and quick intuition and sympathy are gracefully present. At the risk of inflaming his vanity, I must add that he is a very good specimen of ready wit, and has enough common sense to serve him thro' life.

FOLLY.—No second delineation is permitted in this column. I should hate to give you the chance, if I did write such advice as to take. 1. You would make a good wife to a certain kind of husband, but you would be the death of a certain other kind. 2. It is very sweet of you to tell us about your question and answer, prepared, but I am a foolish preference for following my own plan. If you were not satisfied before I hope you are this time. You sent the right coupon, certainly. There isn't any other that you could send. Now, don't be a goose, Folly, never mind about your bad points, cherish your good ones, and if the fates have a husband for you, he'll come all right.

VIC.—This is the second study from your town which has apparently miscarried. I am sorry, but I have never received your first that I know of. If so, it has been delinquent already. But in case it has not, here you go again. You are wanting in tact and perception, but are honest and sincere, determined and a little self-willed, with a generous, kind, and affectionate disposition. I think you are self-conscious and not very consistent, have small hope, and are careless of heartbreaking disappointments. Your writing certainly is far from beautiful, but is very plain, and has some excellent lines. Thanks for your kind wishes, which I beg to reciprocate.

MIGNON.—1. I have read Bellamy's Looking Backward several times, but not critically, only believingly and sympathetically. I once did hear a debate upon it by some young man, but it did not give me any ideas for or against that bold writer. One was that corporations did not serve the public as well as private concerns, and that corporations of all sorts were objectionable, but space lacks to tell you of the many which they put in. I'll see if I can find the correspondence column interesting. I believe also in phrenology, having had my bumps very correctly told. I have never made a study of it. Your writing is characteristic but rather diffi ult to study, as it is not decided in style or form. You are rather hopeful, kind-hearted, candid, generally discreet, apt to be influenced by outer circumstances, generous and kind-hearted.

BLOSSOM.—Decide upon one, rather gamble, but very well put together individual with large opinion of your self, and irritable impulses toward others, ambition and love of success is in everything, but caprice mars consistent endeavor steady. You need sitting on for an indefinite period by the hatching process of crooked circumstances and bring you into line. You cling to your purpose sometimes, though, and if you could manage to dilute the strength of your prejudices and control your impulses you would be a person more worth working for A certain wit, but not humor, a certain honest and direct method, some originality, and a decided lack of sympathy and refined taste are shown. It is quite impossible to say from a graphological study to what sex the writer belongs, but I should as soon expect a man that you are a woman of the rather pronounced type. All those traits which I have mentioned are by no fancy such a picture that I tremble at my own temerity.

ARKENHEY.—Decided ideality, originality and a very obtuse and determined will, discretion considerable, some lack of perception and sympathy, but ability to grasp and sift facts, and tenacity as well as rather a diffi ult temper. This writing is interesting because it shows very extensive of strength and weakness. Writer is strong towards others, but weak towards himself. I cannot further explain, but leave it for your meditation. Yes I think the profession you speak of would be very suitable, but will need all your solidifying influences to succeed. I am breaking a rule in sending your delineation without receiving a coupon, but for once, is not you. I think if you'd get some Dalsarte curves of grace and beauty into your writing you could make it less heartbreaking and not destroy its strength, and prevent suffers from awkward manneriism, much as the writer probably does himself.

Chinese Cookery.

The Chinese are a nation of cooks. There is scarcely an individual in their vast community who is not more or less competent to cook himself a respectable dinner.

Chinese tradition points to a date, some thousands of years before the Christian era, at which an inspired ruler of old first taught mankind the application of fire to food. But, without wishing to be irreverent, we think it desirable to confine our investigations to periods of greater historical certainty.

The peasant sits down to a dinner cooked by the hand of his wife or daughter-in-law. In large establishments the cooks are invariably men.

Half a dozen coolies will squat round a bucket of steaming rice and from four to six small savory dishes of stewed cabbage, onions, scraps of fat pork, cheap fish, etc. They fill their bowls *à discretion* from the bucket. They help themselves dis.reetly with their chop sticks from the various relishes provided.

On ordinary occasions even a wealthy Chinaman will sit down to some such simple fare, served indeed on a table instead of on the ground, but in other all essentials equally style. It is only when a banquet is substituted for the usual meal that eating is treated seriously as a fine art, in a manner worthy its importance to the human race. Then the guests will assemble between two and four p.m., and will remain steadily at the table until any hour from ten p.m. to midnight. Pipes are lighted between the courses and a wh ff or two of light tobacco smoke is inhaled into the lungs, while within easy reach of the table, if the festivity is at all on a grand scale, the deafening noise of a theatrical performance continues almost without intermission.—*Temple Bar.*

They Were her Father's.

The London Man of the World says: Take them for all in all, and even throwing the *Star* man in, we have no journalistic interviews here to equal the Americans. Here, for instance:

"One of the most pleasant interviews I ever had was with Emma Carson. I came to ask her about Lillie Grub, and she told me a great deal about Emma Carson.

"'Don't you have a cigar sir,' said Miss Carson, at one juncture of the interview as she brought out a tin box with a sponge and a lot of smokables in it. 'They're my dear father's cigars,' added Miss Carson, somewhat unnecessarily. 'I imported them for him, and keep them in the flat for him. My dear father calls them very elegant.'

"'Thanks,' said I, with a skeptical smile.

"The mention of fathers and mothers in unprofessional circles almost always makes me sad.

"As I rose to go and stepped into the vestibule, I noticed a mackintosh, a lot of fashionable hats, canes, a couple of natty umbrellas hanging and standing in the hat rack.

"'Miss Carson, do all these things also belong to your dear father?' I asked with a knowing look.

"Miss Carson saw that I was 'on to her,' as it were, smiled, and gently shoved me into the hall."

No Wonder.

"Were you out to the races yesterday, Bloomer?"

"I was out at the races yesterday."

"I thought so. Were the races good?"

"Rank."

"Wasn't the day perfect for racing?"

"I believe so."

"Wasn't there a large attendance?"

"Yes."

"Didn't Jim Jam equal the mile and a quarter record?"

"That's what they claim."

"Weren't two jockeys killed in the hurdle race?"

"That's what they told me."

"Didn't Flip Flap break the mile record?"

"Yes."

"If you call yesterday's races rank, what under the sun do you call good racing?"

"When I can pick a winner."

A Name.

The recent death of Pierre d'Alcantara Marie Antonio Pascal Isabel Francisco d'Assise de Gabriel Sebastian Christine de Bourbon y Bourbon, Duke of Durcal, a grandee of Spain and a member of the Spanish Royal family, encourages us to point an additional lesson, that no one's name is no protection against the fell destroyer. The fact that Mr. Bourbon was a grandee in the prime of life, tends still further to show the inadequacy of his various cognomens as a safeguard.

Let American mothers take warning from this and refrain from giving their sons such names as Peter of Newark, Maria of Jonesboro, Teresa Isabella Frank of Springfield, Gabriel Sebastian Christina of Robinson and Robinson.

Two Long-Felt Wants.

Jinks—By George! I've struck it. I'll be rich in five years.

Winks—What at?

"Going to start an intelligence office."

"Huh! Nothing new about that."

"Wait till you see me. I'll have a regular line of cabs, and send 'em around every morning to all my customers."

"What for?"

"To leave a fresh girl and take yesterday's girl away. Just think of it! Two new dresses, a new girl every morning; for the girls, a new place every day. There's millions in it."

The Wrong Name.

Mistress—Ellen, when you have company in the kitchen, they must be quiet. I heard hilarity here last night, and——

Ellen—Sure, ma'am, O'ive not seen a Larrity since O'm in your service. 'T was Hiether Hogan, the junk man; an' the jokes av him wud make the Pope himself die wid laughin'!

She Found an Explanation.

"You see, Mrs. Oilriz," said the suave young man, "they called them 'Canaanites' because they came from Canaan."

"Oh, I understand," said the old lady affably. "There's something that Mr. Oilriz knowed and I didn't."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He had heard that you spent several years in Paris, and he spoke of you yesterday as 'a Parisite.'"

A Mean Woman.

First Floor-walker—Talk about meanness! That woman in the black silk is a reg'lar o'd miser. I'll bet.

Second Floor-walker—Did she haggle over prices?

First Floor-walker—No; she selected her things, and paid for 'em fast enough. But during the whole seventeen minutes we've been her waiting for her change, she hasn't moved around once to look at the other sorts of goods we've got on sale. Fraid she'll see something she wants, I s'pose.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASON

is she who pays the most assiduous attention to the care of the skin.

Indeed she goes to great lengths in the study of this subject. She never rubs her face in drying it. She never exposes it to the cold without protection. She uses only such preparations as are of standard purity and excellence.

One of the most important preparations of this class is *Alaska Cream*, which, as a skin dressing, has no equal. She writes of Alaska Cream: "As a protection to the complexion against the roughening and hardening effect of cold winds your Alaska Cream is simply superb, and as a cosmetic it keeps the complexion clear, soft and white. As it is neither greasy nor sticky and is nicely perfumed, it is most agreeable to use, and I can recommend it to all interested in the preservation and improvement of the complexion."

PRICE 25c. PER BOTTLE

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In our February sale—A great variety of best new goods cheap, less than half usual price. Webster's Great Dictionary $1.49, thousands of which have sold for $8 to $9. Girls' or Boys' Own Manuel $1.59, worth $2. Acme Shoe Dressing 19c., tip top 19c. Ebony or Nonsuch Stove Polish 10c.; best Pipe Varnish 12c., worth 25c.; 60 ft. best Jute Clothes Lines 9c., worth 19c.; Lantern, hinged and guarded, 39¢, worth 75¢. Splendid display of Table Cutlery, best makes, celluloid handled, Dinner Knives, $2.25 per doz, worth $3 50; bone handled, $1 00 per doz, worth $1 75. Nickle Forks and Spoons 6c each; 25c a great variety of Peanut Mixers 3c., worth 5¢, and so on up. Bird Cages in good variety, 50 p. c. off value; beautiful Brass Cage 99¢, worth $2; Square Painted Cage 64c. Pillow Sham Holders 25c., many hundred of which have been sold in this city at 75c. Come and see 10,000 other things at cost.

W. H. BENTLEY

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I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure, I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office address. Dr. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1888.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THREE Pozzoni's POINTS
COMPLEXION
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.
THREE | White, Black, Carnation. | POZZONI'S | All Druggists Fancy Stores. | TINTS

Music.

FREDERIC Boscovitz, the genial pianist who is now one of our residents, gave the last of his three concerts on Tuesday evening last in the Public Hall of the Education Department. The audience was large in spite of the blizzard, and was more fashionable and select than ever. Mr. Boscovitz's programme was one of infinite variety, and his rendition of its numbers took away any notions of one sidedness on his part that might have been induced by his fine rendering of a Chopin programme at his previous concerts. He opened with a really powerful composition by J. C. Nichelmann, who was a pupil of the great Sebastian Bach. It was composed in 1735 for the clavicembello, one of the instruments which figured in the evolution of the present pianoforte. The score used by Mr. Boscovitz was prepared by Franz Liszt, and the audience of Tuesday evening was treated to a most original conception, embellished by the glowing and fertile mind of the old virtuoso. Liszt was further represented by three compositions of sufficiently diverse character to show the adaptability of Mr. Boscovitz's talent to the sonorous yet sensuous periods of the sage of Weimar. For brilliancy of effect his rendering of Weber's well known Invitation a la Valse has seldom been equalled in the hearing of Toronto audiences. He then followed with a collection of elegant *morceaux*, among which novelties were Massenet's Venice, Barqiel's Mennetto, and Godard's Serenade Mauresque. Besides these were five pieces by Chopin—a Nocturne, an Impromptu, the Butterfly Etude, a Mazurka, a Valse; an Air de Danse by Hannel, Schumann's Slumber song, Saint Saens Etude, and a Danse Bretonne and Queen Elizabeth Mennetto by the performer. These pieces served well to display Mr. Boscovitz's brilliant technique and admirable play of light and shade, as well as the wealth of tone color at his command. The audience was instructing in its applause and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Edyth Kingsmill sang Shelley's Love's Sorrow and Boscovitz's A Dream and the Waking. She has a very sweet voice, but the effectiveness of her singing was somewhat marred by her nervousness. Mr. Douglas Bird sang Clay's I'll Sing the Songs of Araby.

The Lacrosse Club Minstrels are shining at the Academy of Music in all the glory of burnt cork, too late for notice in the present issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. Next week brings us the Harmony Club in Millocker's Beggar Student, in which some seventy young ladies and gentlemen expect to give a good account of themselves. Rehearsals, both musical and dramatic, are going on every day and evening and all signs point to the realization of the best effort yet made by our popular opera club.

Paderewski, the pianist, who set the American musical world on fire, will be here on Friday next, and will prove a great treat and study to the lovers of the pianoforte.

The following letter has reached this office, and makes interesting reading:

Editor Saturday Night:

SIR,—In alluding to Philharmonic Society matters your musical editor makes some statements which, however friendly in intention, may nevertheless produce misconception as to real facts, and I therefore beg to answer some of them.

Referring to the financial position of the society twelve years ago, when he asserts it was on the rocks, he says: "Yet it was there once before, and the financial administration of Mr. Samuel Nordheimer (who, I would say, has always been a friend of the society) pulled it through to a state of comparative financial comfort." He does not state, however, that to effect this happy state of things the conductor's salary was very materially drawn upon, although services to full value had been rendered. The "panacea" for the present ills of the society presented by your musical editor is "make the concerts popular." What this implies is not made clear, and it cannot be said this has not already been done. Even the very policy he advocates of one oratorio and one miscellaneous concert has been the actual plan adopted for years. The design for which the Philharmonic Society was created has had to be kept in view, and should this not be done, amongst those first to note a lower line of work would be found, no doubt, your musical editor. As to the reflections cast "that in Toronto the public interest is waning in oratorios *as performed here*," "attention to detail and finish," "only the broadest and coarsest effects," etc., I quote from his own notice of the Elijah and Eve performances by the Philharmonic Society last season in SATURDAY NIGHT, April 11, 1891: "The orchestra was the best the society has ever had, and played splendidly after the first few numbers of the oratorio, the accompaniments to the soloists never having been played better in the history of the society. The string tone especially was rich and clear. On the second evening Massenet's work, which is rich and sensuous in its orchestration, was well played and formed a delightful tone picture apart from the vocal incidents. The chorus of the Philharmonic Society always comes out well in Elijah, and in the present case well maintained its reputation. It was well balanced, with very correct intonation, and with very good attacks. The dashing choruses were sung with fire and spirit, and the shading of the choruses on both evenings was better than the society had ever shown before. In Eve the difficulties were somewhat apparent, but Mr. Torrington pulled everything through." The above quotation from your musical editor's own report may serve to answer as to how the Philharmonic chorus sing, and as to how the "oratorios" are heard "as performed here." The slight discrepancy between his opinions then and before the society has given a performance this season, may be understood by himself, but to others is a sort of conundrum.

Again I take issue with him, and consider him to be entirely wrong in his conclusions and reflections upon those of our singers whom he classes under the elegant term "duffers." These are the workers, and do the singing, whilst those who think they need no practice and who come in for the concerts, really become the dangerous elements and produce whatever of uncertainty may be at times apparent at the public performances.

For the information of the public, who may be led to imagine that the salary of the conductor of the Philharmonic Society which is placed by your musical editor under the head of The Greater Amount, allow me to state plainly, that when I was induced to leave Boston to come here I was engaged by the Philharmonic Society as conductor for the sum of five hundred dollars per season, but which amount I did not always get. Since then, for a few years past, the salary has been set down at seven hundred dollars, but which I have not always received either. The duties involve the training of the chorus and orchestra, two nights per week, and not infrequently the solo vocalists also, the work aggregating as much, if not more, than that done by any other two of our local conductors put together. The "greater amount" supposed to be paid to the conductor of the Philharmonic Society, which seems to have a disturbing influence in some quarters, would not compensate me for the work done, even if I got it all. Should it be any comfort to your musical editor or of interest generally to know just what I have received lately, I may say that I prepared the local work for the following concerts: The last series, Gilmore (2), Zerrahn (2), Elijah and Eve (2), and the Leo (2), training chorus, orchestra and some of the soloists and playing accompaniments, for which I received the sum total of four hundred dollars, and that this season I am conducting the Philharmonic Society without an engagement even. Had I not faith in the good work of the society, and belief in its mission, the financial gain in connection with it would not hold me one week. If your musical editor wants to know anything more about the "greater amount" paid to me, I can give him all the information he desires, either privately or publicly. In conclusion I would say that the public of Toronto ought to sustain the Philharmonic Society as a most important factor in the musical education of our city, and its executive (Phil. Soc.) should not have to draw periodically upon the conductor's earnings to meet deficiencies for which he is not in any way responsible. This has been done several times, however. The real reason why adequate financial support is not secured to cover the Philharmonic Society's season's operations, is only too well known to me. The remedy, however, does not lie within the conductor's province. On this point your musical editor's conclusions are very wide of the mark.

I am yours, etc.,
F. H. TORRINGTON,
Conductor Toronto Philharmonic Society.

In commenting on the above, I can only say that the manner in which this column has been conducted since SATURDAY NIGHT's first issue was given to the public, has established the custom—which seldom found objections only when a truth, not so palatable as indiscriminate praise, has been placed before my readers—of giving free comment and occasional suggestion over Metronome's signature. Sometimes this has given umbrage, presumably so in the present instance. Nevertheless, when my illusion to the Philharmonic Society in the issue of two weeks ago is read dispassionately, nothing will be found that is in any way inimical to that society. On the contrary, I show good will and give advice that has been admitted to be good by everyone to whom I have spoken on the subject. I think that this much will be admitted by even Mr. Torrington, who seems to take exception rather to some of the points on which my conclusions were based. He complains that I do not make it clear what is implied by making the concerts popular, yet he says "it cannot be said that this has not been done," showing that to him, at all events, my meaning was quite clear. As to his quotation from my account of the Elijah concert, the answer to the conundrum he propounds to himself may be found in my statement that "the shading of the choruses on both evenings was better than the society had ever shown before."

As to the "duffers," there is not so much inelegance in the use of the term as there is in the efforts of those who have earned it, whom Mr. Torrington has frequently urged to go somewhere and "learn the tune." No man knows better than Mr. Torrington what trouble these people have given, and while it is kind and loyal of him to stand up for those of his choristers who answer this description, it is the height of folly to depend on such material in the future, because such a policy is simply out of date to-day. Those who come too late, "thinking they need no practice," would turn up sooner if they did not feel that the principal benefit they derive from early and frequent attendance was the privilege of tearing their voices out trying to show their neighbors what and how to sing. With the details affecting Mr. Torrington's salary I have nothing to do, and it would be an impertinence on my part were I to seek light from him on that point, yet I must suggest that this salary is greater than those of the Vocal Society conductors, and if this salary has not been paid in its entirety it only goes to show that the policy or management of his society has something in its details that will bear amendment or improvement.

The salary of the conductor is not the only greater obligation incurred, when the finances of the Philharmonic Society are compared with those of its sister organizations. The orchestra, as already indicated, is a factor of even larger proportions in the difference of the financial results, but Mr. Torrington rather disingenuously ignores this, and seeks to make me appear to have fired a shot at him alone. A reperusal of my previous article on this subject will show him that my sympathies are with him in his efforts, but that I disapprove of the manner in which the chorus has been recruited. Whatever may be said or felt on the subject by a conductor whose heart is in his work and who is proud of the successes he can place on his shield, it is impossible to-day to carry on the work of the Philharmonic Society with successful financial and artistic results, unless the backbone of the whole affair, the chorus, is organized with competent—readily competent—material, so that the conductor may practice his chorus more for artistic results than for mere notations. Shutting one's eyes to this fact will be too much like the ostrich to achieve success in the present day. METRONOME.

A Mystery.

Mr. Younghusband (coming home finds his wife at the door) "Mary, what are you doing with my cooking? Tell me, now, what is that you are cooking at that stove, Molly?

Molly—Sure, mum, it mustn't have so much curiosity. I don't know myself yet what it is going to be. —*Texas Siftings.*

An Area-Bell Pull.

The Rector's Wife—And how have you managed to get along this winter, Mrs. Murphy?

Mrs. Murphy—Sure, Ma-am; wid the help o' God and a few servant girls I've pulled t'rough.

It had Just Struck Him.

Mr. Laffan (Humorist, looking up suddenly from his work).—My dear, I do wish you would break yourself of that silly habit of laughing out loud when you are reading. How do you expect me to do any writing.

Mrs. Laffan.—But it's the manuscript of your own book I'm reading, dear.

Mr. Laffan.—Ah, yes—certainly, of course! Ah—what was I saying? Oh, yes—wonderful how much more work I can do at home than I could at the office, isn't it, Maria?

Not up to The Mark.

Customer.—So you have discharged that new man? He was a good shaver.

Barber.—Yes; he handled the razor with considerable finesse, but his shampoo rubs lacked technique.

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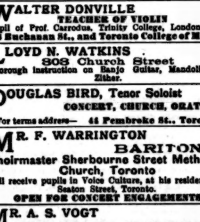

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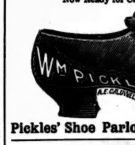

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Mrs. A. G. Mortimer; selections from the pen of Miss A. E. Wetherald; vocal music by Miss Maud Carter, Mr. W. A. Martin, Mrs. W. Clark, Mr. A. Blight. The musical and literary selections will be either on a Canadian theme or written by a Canadian.

•

Mrs. Henry Thompson gave a charming tea on Tuesday of last week. Some of those present were; Mrs. Aylsworth, Mrs. Perry Beatty, Mrs. Sparks, the Misses Torrance, Miss MacMahon, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Horetzski, Miss Powell, Miss Edwards, Miss McArthur and Miss Wilson.

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A free organ recital will be given this afternoon at All Saints' church at four o'clock by Mr. W. E. Fairclough.

•

Mrs. Charles Holmes of D'Arcy street gave a delightful dance on Wednesday of last week. A few of those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. Hemming, Mrs. Boxworth, the Misses Holmes of St. Catharines, Hope, Kingsmill, Baird, Bolster, Cameron, Messrs. Knight, Hope, Long, Baird and others.

•

The Zetland Lodge At Home, which took place last night, occurred too late for an extended notice, which I hope to give next week. The invited guests were Mr. Benjamin Allan, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bugg, Miss Bugg, Mr. R. S. Bell, Mr. J. F. Breman, Mr. Thomas Blake, Mr. E. Burns, Mr. H. W. Briggs, Mr. W. A. Bradshaw, Mr. and Mrs. James Bicknell, Dr. Bisanko of Barrie, Mr. John Bastedo, Mr. J. Harry Bastedo, Mr. F. C. Baird, Mr. J. N. Bastedo, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Brough, Mr. Thomas Baker, Miss Mabel Barnhardt, Mr. W. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barker, Mr. Robert and the Misses Crean of Deer Park, Mr. John Carrick, Mr. Charles Clothe, Mr. A. B. Cordingly, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. F. E. Chrysler, Mr. H. B. Carter, Mr. Frank Climo, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Callaway, Mr. Jas. Currie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Chittenden, Mr. J. W. Corcoran, Miss Pauline Collins, Miss Cosgrave, Mr. Wm. and Mrs. Darby, Mr. J. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. T. Dyas, Mr. Walter and Miss Donaldson, Mr. W. E. Davidson, Mr. R. A. Donald, Mr. R. C. Donald, Miss Donald, Mr. L. Davidson, M. W. F. Dinneen, Mr. W. A. Doyle, Miss Edward of Ottawa, Mr. Fred W. Flett, Mr. J. E. Firth, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Fletcher, Mr. R. C. Fisher, Mr. G. M. Furnival, Mr. T. G. Foster, Mr. John Gray, Mr. W. A. Gray, Mr. J. H. Grant, Mr. Wm. Grant, Mr. Thomas Gibbard, Mr. J. Gauld, Dr. Garratt, Mr. J. G. Galbraith, Mr. John Gray Gibson, Mr. G. E. Gross, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Gorrie, Miss E. Hemming, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hirst, W. H. Haskett, Miss Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes, Mr. Chris. Hohl, Miss Harvie, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Jarvis, Miss Ada Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Junor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Junor, Mr. W. D. Jones, Mrs. J. W. Johnston, Mr. S. A. Jones, Miss Jardine, Mr. George Kappele, Miss Minnie Kappele, Mr. John Kay, jr., and the Misses Kay, Mr. G. J. Little, Mr. H. Leeson, Mr. W. Lambers, Mr. J. A. Lambers, Dr. and Mrs. Little, Mr. Jackson Little, Mr. M. T. Lester, Mr. H. W. Longrell, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lee, Capt. and Mrs. A. B. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Mortimer, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Muldrew, Mr. E. B. Myers, Mr. J. Monypenny, Mr. J. T. Matthews Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison, Mr. W. C. Meredith, Mr. E. T. Malone, Mr. F. J. and Miss Morphy, Miss Kelby, Mr. Moore, Mr. D. L. Merrick, Mr. R. A. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Macpherson, Mr. F. Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Mingay, Mr. N. McCrinnon, Mr. W. S. McMahon, Miss S. McLelland, Dr. McCullough, Mr. J. E. McClung, Mr. and Mrs. McCrobie, Mr. G. H. McAllan, Mr. Hugh C. McLean, Mr. Donald McDonald, Mr. B. McIlhardy, Mr. C. R. Notman, Mr. W. S. Newman, Mr. W. E. Nixon, Mr. Charles Niehans, Mr. H. O'Hara, Mr. John W. Peaker, Mr. George Peaker, Mr. D. A. Pender, Mr. Robert Purdon, Mr. Parker, Mr. Wm. Park, Mr. James Pattison, Mr. Alfred Parker, Mr. G. S. Phillips, Mrs. Pruyn of Napanee, Mr. H. Pingle, Mr. W. R. and Mrs. Prinzle, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Powell, Miss Platt, Mr. W. B. Reid, Miss Rogers, Miss Richardson of New York, Mrs. R. Ryan, Mr. G. Maclean Rose, Mr. D. C. Ross, Mr. Chas. Reid, Mr. D. A. Rose, Miss Stinson, Mr. J. Spoule Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Spotten, Mr. Jas. Spink, Mr. and Mrs. Shepley, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Simpson, Mr. C. F. Smallpiece, Mr. W. H. Steel, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Scales, Miss Maud Scales, Mr. A. Shaw, Dr. Stark, Mr. R. Sinclair, Mrs. H. J. Thompson, Miss Thomas, Mr. Henry A. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. T. Tinning, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Vigeon, Mr. Estin Williams, Mr. J. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Williams, Mr. J. W. Williamson, Mr. T. J. Whatmough, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey White, Mr. F. Worden, Mr. W. S. Ziller.

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Miss Ethel Shepherd of Port Hope returned home on Thursday after a week's stay in Toronto. During her stay Miss Shepherd passed the first year vocal examinations at the Conservatory of Music with highest possible honors.

•

On Tuesday evening last Mr. A. M. Cosby, president of the Victoria Rink, entertained at dinner about fifty members of the Club. The menu and table decorations were a credit to the able steward, Mr. Robert O'Hara, who has done much of late to popularize the club in this respect.

•

Mrs. Harry Merritt gave a cosy little afternoon tea on Wednesday last, and a small whist party on the following evening.

•

Mr. Henry J. Bethune was entertained at the Victoria Club by a number of his bachelor friends, on Monday evening last, previous to his entering the ranks of the Benedicts.

•

A good many ladies have traveled up and down in the Canada Life Building elevator to see and criticize the exhibit of the Woman's Art Club, which has been open during the week.

•

Mrs. Pellatt of Sherbourne street gave a beautiful At Home on Tuesday afternoon last. The handsome apartments were decorated with smilax, ferns and fragrant flowers. The orchestra played delightfully subdued music, and in spite of the atrocious state of the weather and the almost impassably slushy streets a good number of ladies filled the *salons*. Mrs. Cowan and Mrs. Buckland came from Oshawa to the reception, and among others present were Mrs. Ross Robertson, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Snively, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Perrin, the Misses Holland and many others.

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An interesting wedding was celebrated at St. James' on Wednesday afternoon last, when Miss Laura Moss, second daughter of the late Chief Justice Thomas Moss, and Mr. Henry J. Bethune, were married. Canon Dumoulin officiated and the select party of wedding guests above the white ribbon were reinforced by a throng of ladies and gentlemen interested in the union of two such well known young society people. Miss Moss wore a rich bridal gown of white satin, with orthodox veil and orange flowers, and was attended by the Misses Alice Bethune and Emily Moss as bridesmaids, in trim gowns of white cloth, puffed sleeves and large modish hats of white, with pink garniture and strings. Mr. Clarence A. Bogart acted as best man. The ushers were Messrs. J. H. and W. P. Moss, brothers of the bride, Mr. C. A. Moss and Mr. H. D. Crooks. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Bethune received the congratulations of their friends at a reception given at the residence of the bride's mother, and subsequently left on a wedding tour through the United States.

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Mrs. Robertson of Bloor street east gave a pleasant progressive euchre party last Saturday night.

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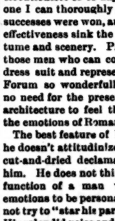
The second annual Canadian Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held in Toronto next week. Many prominent young men in the city churches are busy in arranging for the reception of the delegates.

•

A good many society people are busy in preparation for the Harmony Club's presentation of the opera of the Beggar Student next week. I am now able to give the full and final cast: Laura, Miss Minnie Gaylord; Bronislawa, Miss Laura Harper; Palmatica, Miss Lash; Eva, Miss Sybil Seymour; Girla, Miss Beach and Miss Powell; Lieut. Poppenburg, Miss Edith Heward; Symon, the Beggar Student, Mr. T. D. Beddoe; Janitsky, Mr. J. F. Kirk; Bogumil, Mr. J. H. Nelles; Onoophria, Mr. A. G. Foy; Sitzka, Mr. Gamble Geddes; Enterich, Mr. Geo. Dunstan; General Ollendorff, Mr. W. H. Rochester; Major Holtzhoff, Mr. W. W. Fahey; Lieut. Wangerheim, Mr. Harry Coburn; Lieut. Schweinitz, Mr. Harry Hay; Capt. Henrici, Mr. C. E. Rudge; Ensign Richtofer, Mr. W. D. Muir; Puffke, Mr. J. F. Edgar; Prisoner, Mr. A. T. Nelles. The chorus will be composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. Nicholson, Misses Bostwick, Cassels, E. Cassels, Cannniff, Heward, Horetzki, Kleiser, Lea, M. Lash, Lowndes, A. Mason, B. Mason, Maule, L. Maule, Mathews, McGillivray, Newbigging, Palmer, Pillsworth, Powell; Messrs. Bickford, Canniff, Cawthra, Cherry, Chisholm, Cassells, Duggan, Gray, Holcroft, Hulme, Jones, Lea, Martin, Mathieson, Minty, McLean, O'Reilly, Reed, Ridout, Stovel, Sweeney and Wilson.

Mr. Clark's Recital.



THE famous Betterton and the later Garrick, for the most part made their immense dramatic successes unaided by any accessories save their own personal abilities; and in these *fin du siecle* days of gorgeous scenic production it is hard to realize the task that the geniuses of the elder stage had before them in attempting to move vast audiences. But nevertheless we have a modern analogy in the professional elocutionists of to-day, and when I hear a fine one I can thoroughly realize how the old time successes were won, and how low in the scale of effectiveness sink the mere accessories of costume and scenery. Prof. S. H. Clark is one of those men who can come forward in a modern dress suit and represent a scene in the Roman Forum so wonderfully that an audience has no need for the presence of togas and Roman architecture to feel the scene and understand the emotions of Roman citizens.

The best feature of Mr. Clark's work is that he doesn't attitudinize. There are none of the cut-and-dried declamatory movements about him. He does not think that it is the primary function of a man who represents feigned emotions to be personally impressive. He does not try to "star his part," in theatrical verbiage. His splendid voice and gestures follow naturally the meaning of the words he speaks. The Forum Scene from Julius Cæsar was, I thought, his best effort on Monday night. The orations of Brutus and Marc Antony and the remarks of the Roman citizens were done in a way that left nothing to be desired, and Mr. Clark's grand range of vocal expression enabled him to represent the various tones of the speakers in a particularly effective way. The Bells was well rendered too, one most original effect being the intonation of the closing words of the wedding bells verse to the movement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Owen Meredith's Aux Italiens with musical accompaniment was perhaps as popular a piece as was on the programme, although it did not call for such an effort as many of the other numbers. But the poetic beauty of the selection and Verdi's ineffably plaintive and touching Du Miserere, thrill an audience. The dialect selections were all well handled. At the pathetic Irish sketch, Connor, many shed tears and many more, as one man put it, "could have, if they wanted to." The two American dialect sketches, Forty Years After and the Parson's Conversion, had trying work in them too. The simulation of the cracked voice of the old man was particularly fine in the former, but in the latter Mr. Clark had a description of a horse-race, which he always handles with magnificent fire. The excerpt from Artemus Ward's London Lecture was a very pleasing imitation of the famous humorist. The Irish Love Song was prettily done and The Death of D'Assas was also vigorous.

The organ playing of Mrs. Blight, who performed the difficult overture to Semiramide and other selections, called forth well deserved applause. Perhaps the best one can say of Mr. Clark's recital was that it was quite up to his audience's expectations, which were high.

TOUCHSTONE.

Again the Hat.

Park—How did you like the play?

He—Not so bad as to color, but the ribbon was cheap stuff, and the feathers looked as though they'd done service before.

She—What are you talking about? I asked you how you liked the play?

He—Oh, the play! Thought you were asking me about that hat in front of me. That's all I saw there.

Grand Opera House

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The Beggar Student

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General Ollendorff ..... Mr. W. H. Rochester
Enterich ..... Mr. George Dunstan
Bogumil ..... Mr. J. H. Nelles
Sitzka ..... Mr. Gamble Geddes
Major Holtzhoff ..... Mr. W. W. Fahey
Lieut. Wangerheim ..... Mr. Harry Coburn
Lieut. Schweinitz ..... Mr. Harry Hay
Captain Henrici ..... Mr. C. E. Rudge
Onoophria ..... Mr. A. G. Foy
Ensign Richtofer ..... Mr. W. D. Muir
Puffke ..... Mr. J. F. Edgar
Prisoner ..... Mr. A. T. Nelles

Laura ..... Miss Minnie Gaylord
Countess Palmatica ..... Miss Lash
Bronislawa ..... Miss Harper
Eva ..... Miss Sybil Seymour

Large chorus of ladies and gentlemen. Costumes from New York. Special orchestra.

TICKETS OF ADMISSION ..... $1.00, 75c., 50c.

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BY

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(Teacher of Elocution in the Presbyterian Ladies' College)

Association Hall, Thursday, Feb. 11

8 O'CLOCK.

TICKETS - - - 25 Cts.

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DRAMATIC AND HUMOROUS

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AMERICAN AND CANADIAN READERS

Mr. Charles Roberts OF NEW YORK

AND

Miss Jessie Alexander OF TORONTO

Two scenes from standard plays, and both artists will render selections with orchestral accompaniment.

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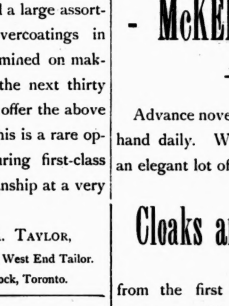

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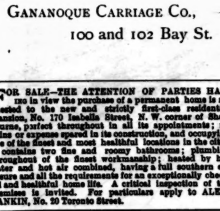

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J. & J. LUGSDIN

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Evening Flowers

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HAMILTON.

The ball given at Arkledun last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull has been the topic of conversation in social circles for some time. The anticipation has gone and the realization was all that could be desired by those present, and was pronounced a huge success. The handsome residence is happily constructed for this purpose and the dancers had a merry time, while the sweet strains of the 13th band were heard at their best. Mrs. Turnbull received her guests in a handsome gown of white silk and black jet; Mrs. Davidson of Toronto looked well in a gown of peach velvet; Mrs. T. D. Hay of Toronto wore her wedding gown of white and silver brocade; Mrs. Tidswell was much admired in white moire; Mrs. J. J. Stuart wore a graceful gown of black organdy and jet; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan looked very handsome in pink brocade and *chiffon*; Mrs. William Wood wore a striking gown of black and blue brocade; Mrs. Hendrie wore blue and white brocade; Mrs. Jones looked well in white satin; Mrs. George Thomson wore a pretty white silk gown; Miss Lottridge, white silk *crepe*; Mrs. Walker wore a gown of cream faille and gold trimmings; Mrs. Bankier in black lace looked remarkably well; Mrs. Bristol also looked well in black silk with red; Mrs. Crerar, a gown of yellow silk and white lace; the Misses Howard wore pretty gowns of pink and green shot silks; the Misses Hobson looked very handsome in white and pink gowns; Miss Briggs looked charming in white *chiffon*; Miss Hendrie wore white brocade with rose-buds; Miss Tina Hendrie looked her best in mauve satin; Miss Baker, yellow gauze; Miss Jarvis of Toronto wore a dainty white gown; Miss Hall wore a smart white doeded *crepe, en train*; Miss Dewar looked her best in brown *crepe* with yellow; Miss Kate Turner was much admired in white silk with green velvet; Miss Marker wore white and green velvet; Miss Dunlop wore white silk with silver; Miss Young wore pink brocade; Miss Leggat's gown was pale green and silver; Miss Martin, pale blue and white; Miss Saunders wore white silk. The *jeunesse doree* were there *en masse*, being Messrs. Thomson, Tidswell, Stuart, Bankier, Pottinger, Garrett, Gates, Burns, Browne, Matthews and Kortright of Toronto, Moreton, Bristol, Crerar, Ferrie, W. Ferrie, Harris, Ramsay, Beatty, Hamilton, Elwood, Gansby, Foster, Hendrie, Gillespie, Bristol, Murray and Hobson.

Mrs. Stuart of Inglewood was At Home from five to seven on Wednesday afternoon. This delightful residence presented a very brilliant appearance. The smart gowns of the ladies were more than I could describe, and it would be difficult to enumerate them. Among the guests were Mesdames Hay and Davidson of Toronto, Harris, Ramsay, Tidswell, Mackelcan, Turnbull, Scott, Jones, Crerar, Young, Bristol, Hobson, Thomson, Lucas; Misses Watson, Hobson, Lottridge, Hendrie, O'Reilly, Gillard, Martin, Ramsay, Dewar, Harvey, Barker, Dunlop, Baker, Hall, Chapman, Dyment of Barrie, Howard; Messrs. Hobson, Tidswell, Bain, Lay, Crerar, Gates, Barnes, Bruce, Davidson, Beatty, Harris, Moreton, Ferrie, Young.

Mrs. William Wood gave a delightful afternoon tea on Friday.

Mrs. Lucas, "Rowanhurst," entertained the following ladies and gentlemen at dinner on Friday evening: Mr. and Mrs. Kortright, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Leggat, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. McGiverin, Senator MacInnes and Mr. T. B. MacPherson.

Mrs. Burton entertained a few friends at luncheon on Friday at Kenwood Lodge.

Mrs. McGiverin gave a charming tea on Thursday at the Homestead to meet Mrs. Hay of Toronto. Those present were Mesdames Hamilton, Lucas, Hendrie, Counsell, Crerar, Mackelcan, Bristol, Wood, Stuart, Banks, J. J. Stuart, Martin, Harris, Ferrie, Hendrie, Full r, McGiverin, Saunders and others I have not space to mention.

Mrs. Barker of Bellvue was At Home on Saturday from five to seven, and a most enjoyable afternoon dance was indulged in. Anderson's orchestra was present and played delightfully. Among those present were Mesdames Mills, Faulkner, Hendrie, Lottridge, Turner, Gartshore, Macpherson of Kingston, Leggat, Watson, Hobson, Martin, Fuller, Hobson, Briggs, Baker, Hall, Howe, Gunn, Robinson, Messrs. Ferrie, Billet, Bellhouse, Pottinger, Burns, Gartshore, Bell, Murray, Gates, Patterson and Armour.

Miss Fleming of Bay street is visiting friends in London.

Miss Park of Tissock More gave a delightful tea in honor of Miss Dyment of Barrie. The Misses Chapman, Baker, Hall, Mackay, Bull, Barker, Lottridge, Armour of Cobourg, Briggs, Leggat, Hendrie, Grant, Mackenzie, Hobson and Harvey were among those present.

Mrs. M. Young will be At Home on Wednesday from five to seven o'clock.

Miss Meredith of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. W. Ramsay.

Miss Beatie Bruce who has been dangerously ill for the last few weeks is now quite convalescent.

Miss Gillies, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Skinner of Herkimer street, has returned to her home in Montreal.

Mrs. Macpherson of Calgary, N. W. T., is the guest of Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead.

Mrs. Frank Mills left on Friday evening for Montreal where she intends spending a few weeks.

SYLVIA.

CLINTON.

The first annual ball of the 33rd Battalion, Huron Infantry, which was recently held in Opera House, Clinton, was a grand success. The hall was very nicely decorated with red, white and blue bunting, stands of arms and Chinese lanterns. A number of officers from the neighboring battalions were present. Lieut.-Colonel Smith, D.A.G., and the staff officers of the D. School of Infantry were unable to be present on account of being in mourning for the death of the Duke of Clarence. There were guests from many adjacent towns; those from Clinton were: Miss Stanley, the Misses Leslie, Miss Robson, the Misses Doan, Miss Logan, Miss Hattie Irwin, Mrs. Jullan Wall, Miss Hunter, Rtad, Miss Greig, Miss Pratt, Miss McHardy, Miss Shutz, Misses Jackson, Miss Vantassel, Mrs. S. H. Rance, Misses Rance, Miss Fox, Misses Combe, Mr. Wm. Morrison, Dr. Turnbull, Miss Gibson, Mr. W. P. Spaulding, Mr. A. M Kay, Mr. W. J. Bowen, Mr. J. J. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Rattenbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gilroy, Mr. Hardy Evans, Capt. and Mrs. Todd, Mr. Harry Read, Mr. Chas. and Miss Middleton, Mr. Henry and Miss Cole, Mr. Wm. Cole, Dr. and Miss Gibson, Mr. Thos. Rance, Dr. and Mrs. Blackall, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bitter, Mr. John E. Davis, Mr. J. Earnest Hovey, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Fair, jr., Mr. N. KeLorne Fair, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Farran and Miss Farran, Mr. Sydney H. Smyth, Mr. Lacklan Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. D F. Macpherson, Mr. D. M. Macpherson, Lieut. Combe, Lieut. Rance, Sergt. Hall, Lieut. Snaw, Mr. Wm. Jackson, Mr. E. Eyre, Mr. Geo. Spence Remington, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cook. Seaforth contributed: The Misses Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Wilson, Mr. T. C. Coleman, Miss Buchanan, Mr. and Miss Kilioran, the Misses Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Bansiaugh, Mr. H. Crawford, Lieut. and Mrs. Wilson, Adjutant Wilson, Capt. Roberts, Col. Wilson, Capt. Hays, Chas. Broadfoot, Miss Morrison, the Misses Watson, Thos. and Miss Stephens, J. H. Livingston, D. J. Dawtsay, Miss Punchard, Miss McKechnie, Miss McIntyre, Mr. Harry Creswell, Dr. Belden, the Misses Broadfoot, Mr. A. Broadfoot, Mr. Bradwin, Mr. W. Bethune, Dr. and the Misses McKay, Mr. Jock Greig, Miss Robertson, Mr. F. W. Tweedie and Mr. Pendergast. From Wingham came: Mr. H. Dickinson, Dr. Hanson, Mr. Mickol, the Misses Dickson, Miss Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Strathan, the Misses Martyn, Mr. J. R. Martyn, Mr. and Miss Roe, Dr. McDonald, Mr. Crowell Wilson, Captain Williams, Lieutenant Vanstone, Miss Ross, Miss Patterson, Miss Houghton, Miss Duffield. Many of Goderich's fairest were present, including: the Misses Straiton, the Misses Martin, Miss Slack, Miss Kathleen Ball, Mrs. John Miller, Miss Miller, Miss Elwood, the Misses Cameron, Mrs. R. Reynolds, Miss Shepnard, Miss Bailey, Miss Johnston, Miss Hays, Miss Strachan, the Misses Donagh, Dr. and Miss Nicholson, Mr. Thos. Nairn, Mr. Chas. Nairn, Mr. McMahon, Mr. J. T. Carrow, Q.C., Miss Hulda Smith, Mr. W. T. Smith, Mr. Oliver C. Whitely, Capt. Holmes, Q.-mstr. Beck, Dr. Hunter, Mr. Henry Cook, Mr. Harry Ball, Percy Shephard, Misses Wynn, Miss Shannon, Miss Hattie Smith. From Blyth: Mrs. Maria Curtis, Dr. Milne, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tanner, Mrs. Nation, Miss Shane, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kelly, Miss McKellar. Mitchell contributed: Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury, Mr. Kipper, Dr. and Mrs. Cull, Mr. and Misses Awty, Miss Hicks, Misses Prendwille, Fred Davis; and from elsewhere came Misses Gunn of Woodstock; Miss Simpson of Bowmanville; Miss Barber of Kingston; Major Varcoe of Carlow; Misses Shaw of Brussels; Messrs Chas. Shane and Geo. Crisile of Windsor; Miss Murray and Lieutenant A. Morrison, 32nd Batt. of Lucknow; Dr. Rutherford and Miss Jennie Green of Listowel; Miss Belle Ross, Capt. Moscrip, 29th Batt., St. Mary's; Miss Robertson of Oakville; Mr. Westby of London; Capt. Robson, 26th Batt., Ilderton; Miss Maggie Morrison, Mr. Alex. Murdock, Dr. Thomson of Hensall; Mr. and Miss McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Burnett of Exeter; Miss Haney, the Misses Priestman, Mr. S. R. Higgins, Mr. A. J. Cull, Mr. A. L. Gilpin of Toronto; Messrs. George and Harry and Miss Jackson of Egmondville; Lieut.-Col. Irwin of Strathroy; Lieut. Haggarty and Mr. C. L. Welsh of Stratford.

On Tuesday evening last the officers of Willis Presbyterian church assembled in the school-room of the building and presented a beautiful silver service to Mr. James Turnbull, now residing on Brunswick avenue, Toronto. Mr. Turnbull had long been connected with the church, and was very highly esteemed. In December he resigned his position as principal of the Collegiate Institute here, a position which he has held and adorned continuously since 1868. Next evening previous to his departure for Toronto, the Collegiate Institute Board waited upon Mr. Turnbull in a body and presented him with a handsomely engrossed address.

Blowing Them Off—A Tale of These Dynamite Days.

Frayed Keegan—What! no bo'ole!—

—Dun up she goes!

—An' down she goes!

—Dey kin make fun of de tomatter-can all dey likes, but it got a move on dat crowd.

MASON & RISCH PIANOFORTES

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Out of Date.

Mrs. Bangup—What a horribly old-fashioned woman that Mrs. Motherhood is!

Mr. Bangup—You told me she always wore the latest Paris fashions.

Mrs. Bangup—Yes; she does. But she goes out riding every day with a last year's baby.

Somewhat Hardened.

Old Nick O'Teene (to his young wife)—My first wife was always cold and distant. I like the sweet, confiding way you nestle up to me.

His Young Wife—Oh, I don't mind it; I used to work in a tobacco factory!

Ohm Talk.

First Electric Wire—With all their kicking, there is one thing people never threaten to do to us.

Second Electric Wire—What is that?

First Electric Wire—Handle us without gloves.

China and Japan.

Westward to the Far East, the new publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is, as will be surmised by the title, a guide to the countries of China and Japan. This little volume is replete with all information relative to such a journey, including maps, log record, short summary of the Japanese language, etc., and while giving some necessary statistics does not bore the reader by constant reference to figures, a custom so prevalent in the ordinary guide book. Any of our readers thinking of touring, or wishing to have a further knowledge of these unique yet beautiful countries, could not do better than peruse this work, as not only is the information vouched strictly reliable, but it refers the reader to the best authorities extant on all points where fuller detail may be required. Quite a feature of the guide is the summary of the Japanese tongue, which will be found amply sufficient to the ordinary tourist. Westward to the Far East is beautifully finished, the binding being especially artistic, and anyone wishing to obtain a copy should write or call upon Mr. W. R. Callaway, 118 King street west, who will be glad to furnish same.

AFTERNOON'S EASE

What a comfort to be able to get through the week's washing in the forenoon and have the afternoon to one's self. "Sunlight Soap" enables you to do this. No hard work; lovely white clothes; nice soft hands! What can be more desirable! Try "Sunlight."

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Is better (sometimes) than a hairy one, and especially so in the case of
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NO { ARSENIC IRRITATION EMOLLIENT HUMBUG
Is the only remedy that really destroys the hair follicle
Perfectly Harmless
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TASTELESS EMULSION
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COD LIVER OIL
Easily taken by invalids and children, and readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.
Physicians who have examined a sample now on exhibition under the microscope at
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.
Pronounce it to be the finest extant.
Contains more Pure Cod Liver Oil than any other Emulsion on the market.
$1.00 SIZE, 75c.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CHESTNUT—Jan. 24, Mrs. D. G. Chestnut—a son.
GALLOWAY—Jan. 24, Mrs. W. G. Galloway—a son.
MILLER—Jan. 22, Mrs. Geo. W. Miller—a son.
MOSS—Jan. 21, Mrs. Sigmund Moss—a son.
YOCHKART—Feb. 3, Mrs. Reginald Lockhart—a son.
BETHUNE—Jan. 31, Mrs. M. P. Bethune—a son.
HARKLEY—Feb. 2, Mrs. Wm. Harkley—a son.
HOGG—Feb., Mrs. W. Hogg—a daughter.
MCFARLAND—Jan. 31, Mrs. J. M. McFarland—a daughter.
MOLLAND—Jan. 31, Mrs. Oliver Pollard—a daughter.
WRIGHT—Feb. 1, Mrs. James V. Wright—a son.
GRASSETT—Feb. 1, Mrs. Arthur W. Grassett—a son.
BROWN—Jan. 25, Mrs. R. Hal Brown—a son.

Marriages.

BETHUNE—MOSS—Feb. 3, Henry J. Bethune to Laura Moss.
COOK—HARPER—Feb. 3, John Cook to Lucy Harper.
MCKAY—MITCHELL—Jan. 27, John A. McKay to Jennie Mitchell.
IRVINE—CASSIDY—Jan. 27, John Irvine to Mima Cassidy.
COE—ARDAGH—Jan. 28, John W. Coe to Fanny B. Ardagh.

Deaths.

GOODEVE—Jan. 27, Edward A. Goodeve, aged 64.
JAMES—Jan. 27, Lydia James.
LEE—Jan. 27, William A. Lee, aged 65.
KAY—Jan. 31, William Kay, aged 81.
THOMSON—Jan. 23, Alexander Thomson, aged 81.
STEVENS—Jan. Robert Stevens, aged 44.
YOUNG—Jan 23, Margaret H. B Young, aged 69.
ELLIS—Jan. 24, Mahala Ellis, aged 22.
GINN—Jan 24, Elizabeth P. Ginn, aged 52
BANFIELD—Jan. 26, Rebecca Banfield, aged 70.
CURRIER—Jan. 24, Olive D. Currier.
WRIGHT—Feb. 1, Jemima Wright—aged 78
McLEAN—Feb. 2, Duart Meredith McLean—aged 1.
GRAHAM-BELL—Feb 3, Katherine Graham-Bell.
SHAW—Feb. 1, Henry Shaw—aged 22.
ANNAN—Feb, Isabella Annan—aged 82.
FIERSTELLER—Jan. 31, Adam Fierstelier—aged 79.
GREGORY—Feb. 2, Edmond Gregory.
ROBERTS—Feb. 2 Sarah Roberts—aged 78
ASHDOWN—Feb. 1, Janet Ashdown—aged 55.
BURNETT—Jan. 30, Jane Burnett—aged 77.
COLLINS—Feb. 1, Patrick Collins—aged 27.
DOLLREY—Jan. 31, Emerson Dollrey—aged 37.
GORDON—Jan. 24, Z. N Gordon.
HAWKEN—Feb. 1, Charles Hawken—aged 76.
LEE—Jan. 30 John Lyon—aged 54
NUDEL—Feb. 1 Rose Nudel—aged 15.
KIRKWOOD—Jan. 29, Anna Kirkwood.
McINTOSH—Jan. 26, Peter McIntosh, aged 24.
MERRICK—Jan. Sarah J. Merrick, aged 61.
WILSON—Jan. Capt. John T. Wilson.
BLACKFORD—Feb. 2, Ann Blackford, aged 60.
DYSON—Feb. 2, Annie C. Dyson, aged 26.
COOKE—Jan. 27, Richard F. Cooke, aged 67.
LAW—Jan. 31, Helena Annie Law, aged 56.
GOLDIE—Feb. 4 Major Thomas Goldie, aged 42.
FERGUSON—Feb. 2, T. H. P. Ferguson.
DARTNELL—Feb. 2, Edward T Dartnell, aged 84.
GOODERHAM—Feb 3, Muriel Irene Goederham, aged 10.

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